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THE SHIPPING "COMBINE" AND THE BRITISH FLAG.

Bewilderment, alarm, indignation—such has been the prevailing mood of the public mind since the news of the great Shipping Combination burst upon it a few weeks ago. That something was wrong somewhere—that somebody had stolen a march upon us—that something ought to be done—such was the common sentiment of the men in the streets and in the newspapers. Through the chaos of conflicting rumors and resolves there has perhaps emerged a fairly clear conception of what has happened and of its bearing on our two great national interests—the mercantile marine and the navy.

Now what has happened? The one thing certain is the provisional agreement dated the 4th of February last between Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co., called the "bankers," on the one hand, and Messrs. Ismay, Imrie & Co., called the "White Star Vendors," and certain other persons known as the "Dominion Vendors" and the "Atlantic Vendors" respectively, on the other. For various reasons public attention has centered on the "White Star" part in the transaction. The White Star Line is the largest and best known of the combining fleets, and its relations with the Royal Naval Reserve of Merchant Cruisers are particularly important.

Confining ourselves to the White Star Line, and neglecting the details of price, method of payment, and so forth, we find that the agreement contains the following provisions:

(1) The whole object and purpose is the acquisition of the properties and businesses by a corporation—that is to say, a company to be organized under the laws of the State of New York or some other American State.

(2) The "properties and businesses" so to be acquired consist in the first place of 750 shares of the Oceanic Steam Navigation Company, "including the new vessels building for the said company, and all its rights in the name of the White Star Line and in the flag of such line," and in the second place of the assets of the firm of Ismay, Imrie & Co., including the position of managers of the Oceanic Company so far as they can sell the same. Now the Oceanic Steam Navigation Company is the owner of the White Star Line, and the total number of shares in the company is 750. The main object of the agreement, therefore, is that before the end of the present year the whole of the shares of this company, carrying with them of course all the property of the company new and old, are to pass into the hands of a foreign company, or-

ganized under laws as yet undetermined, with a "charter," so to speak, as yet unknown.

This, it will be seen, is not an agreement between the new foreign corporation and the old Oceanic Company. It is an agreement between a private English firm and the American "bankers," who may not incorrectly be described as the promoters of the foreign company about to be formed. The English firm undertake to procure the transfer to the new foreign corporation of all the shares in the old Oceanic Company. The Oceanic Company, as such, does not appear to be a party to the agreement. Its corporate existence remains unaffected, and it will remain as before the legal owner of the White Star Line and all its assets, sentimental and material. The only change will be that all its existing shareholders will go out and in their place will be substituted the new corporation to be called into existence during the current year under the laws of an unnamed State of the American Union. What compensation the outgoing shareholders will receive is a question which does not greatly concern the public. It will, in the first instance, be as to part cash and as to part stock in the new foreign corporation, which of course may be turned into cash. The essence of the transaction may be fairly taken to be that the present shareholders of the Oceanic Company—all presumably British subjects—will sell out, that one new shareholder, viz, the new foreign corporation, will become the registered holder of all the shares, that this new foreign corporation will have a body of shareholders of various nationalities, and that until the new corporation otherwise determines the old Oceanic Company will remain a British corporation, though under foreign control, and all its vessels will continue to be nominally British vessels and to fly the British flag.

The condensed summary of the agreement which appeared in the *Times* of the 9th of May leaves it uncertain whether it is an essential part of the agreement that *all* of the shares in the Oceanic Company shall be transferred. The American manipulator in such circumstances is generally satisfied with a controlling interest, which need not amount to more than a moiety of the shares *plus* one. Nor is it quite clear how far the execution of all the agreements is necessary to the binding effect of any one. We may assume both in the case of the White Star and of the other lines that the necessary conditions will be fulfilled, and that the general situation will be such as I have described—one great foreign corporation owning all the shares in the British companies, which, however, will continue to exist as corporations under British law.

What has happened beyond the signing of the provisional agreement it is, at the time of writing, impossible to say. Meetings of the Oceanic Steamship Company are said to have been held and to have passed or refused to pass the necessary resolutions—although it is difficult to see what resolutions the company is concerned to pass, inasmuch as it is no party to the provisional agreement, which, as we have said, appears to contemplate a simultaneous sale of their shares by all the shareholders, leaving the company as such intact and unconcerned. The last statement in the press announces that the White Star meeting was unanimous, and that the vessels of the famous line will continue to fly the British flag. Why should they not? The Oceanic Steamship Company still exists and has not parted with a particle of its property, and nothing in the agreement requires that it should.

I do not propose to discuss the right of a shareholder in a British company, alone or in combination with all his

colleagues, to sell his shares at a profit. That his or their motives are neither patriotic nor the reverse, but purely businesslike, is the safest assumption to make. Nor can I see much ground as yet for the suggestion that quite a different bargain has been made by the German participators in the combination. We do not know what the German arrangement is or what powers the German Government may possess to prevent a group of shareholders in a shipping company from selling their shares to the highest bidder.¹ Indeed, the attempt has been made by one of the few apologists of the combination in the English press to prove that the German shipowners would only have been too glad to come in on the English terms, and that their exclusion is in some sort a blow to German pride. It is insinuated, indeed asserted, by the *Times* that criticism of the combination is in some way inspired by anti-British feeling on the Continent and is little better than a pro-Boer slander, prompted by "official Germany." If there has been exaggeration in the criticism generally passed upon the combination, it has at all events been free from the reckless insolence of this almost solitary champion.

But there is something to be said from the British national point of view. The status of these ships as part of our mercantile marine is a public question of some importance, and their connection with the Navy is another.

It may be assumed, then, that what has happened is the purchase by a foreign syndicate of the controlling inter-

est in certain companies owning British ships. Many of these ships are on the list of the Royal Reserve of Merchant Cruisers, and carry men of the Royal Naval Reserve. In the case of the White Star Line it is apparently certain that the arrangement includes the transfer of the entire number of shares in the Oceanic Steamship Company—the owner of the White Star Line. Two sets of questions arise for our consideration. The first deals with the bearing of the new combination upon some of the fundamental laws governing British shipping. The other concerns the relation of these vessels to the Naval Reserves of Merchant Cruisers and of officers and men.

I. The Merchant Shipping Act of 1894 contains no definition of a "British ship." But certain conditions are laid down in the first section of the Act which have the effect of making the ownership of the vessel the vital point. A ship shall not be deemed to be British unless owned wholly by persons of the described character. Neither the place where she is built nor the trade in which she is employed is material. The master and the crew are not required to be British subjects. The ship must be registered and her owners must be wholly British in the sense set forth in detail in the first section of the Act. Ownership is thus all important, and the utmost care has been taken to exclude by definition unqualified persons.

Who, then, are the qualified persons? They are:

(1) Natural born British subjects;

carried in two distinct general meetings, and by a majority of four-fifths of the shareholders. Resolutions to this effect were to be submitted to a shareholders' meeting of the Hamburg-American line on the 28th of May. See Berlin telegram in the *"Times"* of the 24th of May. (The precautions appear to include provision against foreign purchases of shares.) The motive power behind these remarkable new developments has not been revealed.

¹ It appears from statements in the *"Berliner Neueste Nachrichten"* of the 23rd of May that the two leading German lines, the North German Lloyd and the Hamburg-American, are to be made secure against the most obnoxious characteristic of the White Star agreement by a revision of the constitution of the Companies. The managing board in each case must in future be composed of Germans resident in Germany. Any future decision to sell the property of the companies, or "to subject it to foreign control," must be

(2) Naturalized persons;

(3) Persons made denizens by letters of denization; and

(4) Bodies corporate established under and subject to the laws of some part of the King's dominions, and having their principal place of business in those dominions.

When a natural born British subject has become a subject of a foreign State, or when an alien has become naturalized or made denizen, he shall not be qualified to own a British ship until he has taken the oath of allegiance to His Majesty, and is during the time he is owner of the ship resident in His Majesty's dominions or partner in a firm actually carrying on business in His Majesty's dominions. And the Naturalization Act of 1870, which lays down the conditions on which naturalization can be obtained, declares that nothing in this Act shall "qualify an alien to be the owner of a British ship." By section 25 of the Merchant Shipping Act, when a registered ship or share therein is transferred, the transferee shall not be entitled to be registered as owner thereof until he, or, in the case of a corporation, the person authorized, has signed a declaration stating the qualification of the transferee to own a British ship, or, if the transferee is a corporation, of "such circumstances of the constitution and business thereof as prove it to be qualified to own a British ship." Finally, "if an unqualified person acquires as owner otherwise than by such transmission as hereinbefore provided for, an interest, either legal or beneficial, in a ship using a British flag and assuming the British character, that interest shall be subject to forfeiture under this Act" (Section 71).

There is no express provision in the Act as to the sale of a British ship to an "unqualified person," where there

is no intention to retain the British character. We may assume that on such a sale the ship will lose her registry.² If an attempt were made to continue the British character after such a sale the provisions as to forfeiture would apply. And a British ship must be wholly owned by qualified persons. A share cannot be held by an unqualified person.

If these restrictions on the rights of individuals to own British ships or shares therein are just and necessary, it must be for the reason that ownership is assumed to carry with it certain obligations and to supply certain safeguards. Nothing can be more clear than the "public policy" of the Merchant Shipping Act on this point. The Act of 1894 merely repeats with rather more detail and precision the terms of the old Act of 1854. In both cases elaborate care is used to rule out natural persons who are not British subjects. But in both Acts the whole effect of these careful provisions is nullified by the words which permit ownership to be acquired by "corporate bodies established under and subject to the laws of some part of His Majesty's dominions."

For what is a corporate body? So far as Great Britain is concerned, it may be taken to be a company incorporated by Royal Charter or by special Act of Parliament, or under the general provisions of the statutes known as the Companies Acts. The vast majority of British companies belong to the last category. There is the utmost liberty of action permitted in the incorporation of such a company. Any seven or more persons associated for any lawful purpose may by subscribing their names to a memorandum of association and complying with the requisitions of the Act of 1862 as to registration form an incorporated company.

² Section 21 refers to a registered ship ceasing to be a British ship "by reason of transfer

to persons not qualified to be owners of British ships."

The memorandum specifies the objects of the company, and constitutes its charter and the measure of its powers. "There is nothing," says Lord Justice Lindley, "to prevent an alien not an enemy from holding shares in a company. The effect of a person who is a member of a company becoming an alien enemy by a declaration of war has never been decided, but *Ex parte* Boussmaker tends to show that such a person would not *ipso facto* cease to be a member, but rather that his rights and liabilities would be suspended during the war and might be enforced upon the restoration of peace." That a foreign corporation would be in the same position as an individual alien may be assumed. It has been actually decided under an old Merchant Shipping Act that a ship may be registered in the name of a company although some of its members are aliens, and this decision has been treated as applying to the new Merchant Shipping Act and to companies under the Companies Acts. That a ship may be so registered although all of the members are foreigners or all of the shares held by a single foreigner or foreign company may also, I suppose, be taken for certain.

I cannot reconcile the liberty thus conceded to aliens through the medium of the machinery of incorporation with the avowed policy of excluding aliens from the ownership of British ships. The contradiction becomes obvious when we compare the ordinary method of shipowning, as set forth in the Merchant Shipping Act, with the possible results of incorporation. Every British ship is made by law a kind of material corporation by itself. That is to say, the Act provides that on the register the property in a ship "shall be divided into sixty-four shares," and that, subject to the provisions of the Act, "not more than sixty-four individuals shall be entitled to be registered at the same

time as owners of any one ship; but this rule shall not affect the beneficial title of any number of persons or of any company represented by or claiming under or through any registered owner or joint owner." In the case of single-ship companies, or companies owning several ships, the company, I understand, appears on the register as owning the entire ship. If a ship, then, is not owned by a company, every one of its sixty-four shares must be in the ownership of a British subject, natural born or naturalized. But if the ship is owned by a company with a capital divided into sixty-four or any other number of shares, any one or more, or apparently all, of those shares may be owned by foreigners or by a foreign corporation.

I am inclined to think that this anomaly must be the result of inadvertence in the application, in quite modern times, of the machinery of corporation laws to the purposes of trading. In this country the very name "corporation," which in the United States is constantly used, is with us rarely used, by business men to mean a trading company. Our trading corporations have been a development of the laws of partnership rather than the common law of corporations, and when the final stamp of incorporation was placed on companies we perhaps scarcely realized the full effect of what we were doing. The difficulty which arose some years ago in connection with "one-man companies" is another example in point, and there are doubtless many more.

If there is any virtue, then, in the ownership of British ships by British subjects ought not the Merchant Shipping Act to be amended in this particular? Can anybody doubt that if the Transatlantic agreement is carried into effect the ships of the White Star Line, though registered as British ships and flying the British flag, will

have ceased to be British in any effective sense quite as much as if they and not the shares representing them had been sold outright to Mr. Pierpont Morgan or the foreign company about to be called into being? From my point of view, I cannot understand the satisfaction some people pretend to find in the fact that the Oceanic Company has undertaken not to transfer its ships to a foreign flag. It is the company itself that has passed under foreign control, and if the ships are really foreign-owned I fail to see how the situation is saved by the technical survival of the flag.

On general principles, then, I consider that the power given by the Merchant Shipping Act to all corporations under British law to own British shipping, no matter who may be the constituent members of such corporations, is in contradiction to the general principle of the Act and ought to be restricted. I am quite aware that difficulties of many kinds will suggest themselves to the draftsman who takes such a piece of work on hand. The governing idea should be that the ownership in vessels which the law disallows to individual foreigners seeking it directly should not be made possible to them through the medium of shareholding. Would it be sufficient or possible to require that the majority of shares in shipowning companies should be held by individuals qualified under the Merchant Shipping Act to be owners of British ships? Or should the disability of alienage attaching to the individual ownership of ships or shares therein attach also to the ownership of shares in shipowning companies? The effect of such an alteration would no doubt be to render impossible in the future such an arrangement as appears to be contemplated at present by the Transatlantic agreement. It would not render impossible the out-and-out transfer of British ships to foreigners,

individual or corporate. I do not know whether any responsible person has suggested such a tremendous restriction on the power of alienating property. Nor need I discuss the other suggestions which have been thrown out in the course of recent discussion. One of these may before this article appears have been discussed in the House of Commons. There is a motion on the paper, fixed for the 28th of May, declaring *inter alia* that "the policy of the law with respect to the British Mercantile Marine demands reconsideration, seeing that the shipping trade of the United Kingdom is subject to burdens and restrictions from which foreign ships are exempt even in British waters."

II. Apart from the intimate connection between the Mercantile Marine and our general naval position, the Navy is interested in the present controversy at two points. We have a Naval Reserve of Merchant Cruisers and we have a Naval Reserve of men and officers. Some of the vessels in the Cruiser service belong to the fleets embraced in the North Atlantic combination, and others may be involved in the same or some similar combination. And the ships carrying the members of the Reserve of men and officers may at any moment be similarly affected.

The present system of Merchant Cruisers has subsisted, I understand, on practically the same footing since 1887. The essential features are, first, the payment of a subvention to the owners of selected ships held at the disposal of the Admiralty in time of war and so constructed as to be easily adaptable to the work of cruisers. Secondly, the amount of the subvention depends on the speed of the ships, on the amount of mail subsidies to which the owner may be entitled, and the complement of the Royal Naval Reserve men they may carry for the time

being. In the third place, the companies owning the subventional ships place at the disposal of the Admiralty for pre-emption or hire a considerable number of other vessels without further subsidy. In the present year, as for many years past, the total amount payable in subventions is 63,000*l.*—distributed among seven companies. There are eighteen subventioned ships, and thirty are held without further subsidy. The *Oceanic*, *Majestic*, and *Teutonic*, of the White Star Line, are subsidized at the rate of 14,000*l.* a year, and five others are in the second class. The Cunard, the P. and O., the Orient, the Royal Mail, the Pacific, and the Canadian Pacific Railway are the other subsidized companies.

I have before me a copy of the form of contract of subsidy usually entered into with variations in the case of the different companies. The general character of the engagements on either side may be gathered from the correspondence published as a Parliamentary Paper in 1887.² The original offer of the White Star Line contained the following provisions. Certain named vessels were to be held for purchase or hire at named prices. The company was to build several vessels of such type and speed as should render them specially suitable for service as armed cruisers, and in accordance with plans and specifications already submitted to and approved by the Admiralty. The Admiralty was to pay an annual subvention of 15*s.* per gross registered ton, to be increased to 20*s.* in certain eventualities. The company was to be precluded from entertaining any offer of sale or charter for over four weeks without giving the Admiralty the option of exercising the pre-emption. The "crews of the vessels employed under this agreement shall consist as nearly

as possible of one-half the men belonging to the Royal Naval Reserve. Should any of the foregoing ships be sold to a British shipowner approved by the Admiralty, the privileges of the agreement are to remain attached to the ship or ships under the new agreement." These provisions are embodied in a more formal manner in the clauses of the actual contract.

The essential points in all cases appear to be these: no sale to be entertained by the contracting company without notice to the Admiralty; sale to a British subject approved by the Admiralty to carry with it the privileges and obligations of the contract; and provisions for the carrying of Naval Reserve men.

Nothing is said about the sale of the ships, whether subventioned or not, to foreign persons, but since this question arose a new clause has been agreed to forbidding such a sale without the sanction of the Admiralty, and a new contract including this clause has been made with the White Star Line for a new period of three years. My own conviction is, however, that it ought to be taken to be a fundamental and governing condition of a contract like this that the ships shall be and shall remain British ships. The new condition, therefore, adds nothing to the strength of the naval position. It is quite true also that the terms of the agreement of the 4th of February do not technically violate any of the terms of the current Admiralty contract. No vessel subject to that contract has been sold to anybody, foreign or other.

But that scarcely disposes of the naval question. Surely the object of the Merchant Cruiser policy was the retention of British ships in the sense of ships owned by British subjects. Can the White Star Line, under the Morgan agreement, any longer be said to be a British line? The same question arises here that we have already

² C—5006.

discussed in connection with the Merchant Shipping Act. Nobody would tolerate a system of subventions to foreign companies, although they might fly the British flag and bind themselves to carry a full complement of men of the Royal Naval Reserve. If, for example, the Hamburg-American Steamship Company had been the purchaser of all the shares of the Oceanic Company, should we willingly allow it to earn the White Star subvention? And in what better case is the unnamed American company to be formed by Mr. Pierpont Morgan? No doubt the Oceanic Steamship Company has given pledges not to transfer its vessels to a foreign flag, but what of that if the company itself has passed into foreign control? I do not wish to be understood as expressing any opinion about the value of the Merchant Cruiser to our naval system. Since its introduction it has, at least such is my impression, been acquiesced in rather than strongly defended by successive Boards of Admiralty. One result of the Shipping "Combine" will be to force on a renewed discussion of the system in the near future. All I contend for now is that it is of the essence of the system that the subsidized lines should be really and substantially under the control of British subjects, and that

The Nineteenth Century and After.

condition I consider is not fulfilled by a company which, though incorporated under British laws, has not a single fraction of its capital owned by a British subject. My strong conviction is that the subsidy to the White Star Line ought not to be continued after this essential change in the character of the Oceanic Company has taken effect.

The fact that Royal Naval Reserve men are carried by the subventioned lines, even in vessels other than those earning the subventions, strengthens the general argument. There is no doubt about the importance of this Reserve. In the present year the Royal Naval Reserve of officers and men serving in merchant or trading vessels calls for an expenditure of 240,000*l.* There are 1,900 officers provided for, and of the 25,880 men 11,000 belong to the first class. I am informed nearly 4,000 men are at this moment serving on foreign-going ships and over 20,000 in home waters. The subvention is not the only inducement offered by the Admiralty for the employment of these men, But I think it will be generally agreed that the men retained for this important reserve should be found on ships which, whether they are subsidized or not, are really, and not merely in legal technicality, British ships.*

Edmund Robertson.

ROMAN REMINISCENCES OF NEARLY HALF A CENTURY AGO.

Forty-four years ago! Those were the days when "Rome was Rome," as Gregorovius used to say. At that time there were no railways, consequently no railway stations; no trams, no om-

nibuses, not even cab-stands, and certainly no tariff for anything. Everything had to be bargained for; and a tedious, disagreeable process it was. Eighteen francs was not an uncommon

*The existing Rules of the Royal Naval Reserve state that there is no objection to Royal Naval Reserve men sailing on ships

under a foreign flag for short voyages, but special leave of absence will not be granted for service on such vessels.

price to be asked for a drive from Piazza di Spagna to St. Peter's. Of course nobody paid that; after much haggling, and offering a franc and a half, one paid three francs, and arrived at St. Peter's a good deal too late. The dirt of the streets was something appalling. The Corso and principal thoroughfares were occasionally swept, generally at the most inconvenient moment, when full of passengers, at the fashionable hour. I once suggested that it would be better to sweep in the morning, when the streets were empty. "What would be the use of that?" was the reply; "nobody would see we had done it."

The state of the narrow side-streets was fearful; all the dirt was swept into them: in the evening everything was brought out of the houses, and thrown on the huge dust-heaps, to the great delight and enjoyment of the cats and the homeless dogs, which, like those in Constantinople, wandered wild about the city. I once counted eleven cats on one dust-heap—which dust-heaps were really, to use a stronger expression, dunghills. As to the dogs, they were never interfered with, except by the cats; and, strange to say, hydrophobia was then unknown in Rome, as is also the case at the present day in Constantinople. There were a few gas lamps in the Corso; in the side-streets none. Society was simple in those days, and kept early hours; it was quite customary to go to even gay parties on foot. One's servant always carried a lantern. The entrance, even to very good houses, was usually filthy; no porter, no light on the dirty stairs. It was not uncommon for Englishmen to be robbed and stabbed in those dark, lonely streets: the Romans, however, never attacked ladies; thus the men were always most obliging in offering to escort ladies home.

With all this, Rome was a far pleas-

anter place then than now. There were only six hotels, I think, and not one pension! One of the hotels, very small and humble, was the old *Albergo dell' Orso*, where it is supposed Dante lodged when he came to Rome for the Jubilee of 1300. The little inn still exists, almost unchanged in outward appearance.

There were no Cook's tourists then. In fact, there were very few tourists of any kind. Nobody thought of taking such a long expensive journey in order to spend a few weeks or days in Rome. About a fortnight's quick travelling was necessary between England and Italy: six days in a vetturino carriage from Florence to Rome; three days, or three and a half, from Rome to Naples. Of course it was shorter to take the diligence and travel night and day; but there was almost a certainty of being stopped by brigands. Also, one could come by sea; even then it was a whole day's journey in a carriage from Civita Vecchia, and there were more brigands on that road than on any other. Therefore, when people came, they stayed; frequently two winters in Rome, spring in Florence, autumn in Naples, summer in the cool Tuscan valleys. Professional people and business men could not undertake so long an absence; consequently the mere fact of being in Rome was a kind of passport to people's good opinion, as proving that one had nothing to do. It was supposed that you had education, some knowledge of foreign languages and literature, and the classics; and, above all, that you had a more or less clear idea of what you had come to see. I do not think one could have been asked then, as I more recently was by a lady in the railway-train, "What is the Apollo Belvedere?"

The cardinals were constantly met in society, and to be seen also walking outside the gates, with a heavy carriage and fat horses lumbering after.

The Pope even occasionally came to the Pincian at the fashionable hour; and then the band stopped playing the Drinking-Song from the "Traviata," and all went down on their knees. Among the most curious features of Roman life were the cardinals' receptions. When a new cardinal was made, on the evening of the day when his hat was sent to him, he held a splendid reception in one of the great old Roman palaces, where some Roman princess received for him. No invitations were issued; all who presented themselves were admitted. There were one or two rules, and I do not remember that they were ever infringed. It was not wished that professional people, medical men and the like, practising in Rome, should go. Artists, also, both painters and sculptors, were not expected. This last regulation seems illiberal, as excluding many men well worth knowing. In practice, however, it was not so, for everybody whatsoever who, as the phrase is, had a "decoration," was welcomed; and as all the great painters and sculptors had something of the kind, it ended in their being received with distinction. Gibson, as well as most of the great French artists, had the Legion of Honor; Benzoni and Tenerani the Order of Pius, and so on.

Those receptions were very curious, from the strange mixture of people and costumes. The first time I went to one a magnificent ecclesiastic went upstairs before us, "Monsignor the Archbishop of Babylon" being announced by the servants on every landing. Next came the Duchess del Drago, daughter of Queen Isabella of Spain by her second marriage; she was dazzling in diamonds; which diamonds, some people were ill-natured enough to say, belonged of right to the Spanish crown-jewels. Following this brilliant apparition came a bevy of barefooted friars, in their brown robes, with the cord of St. Francis knotted round the

waist. All the religious orders were represented on those occasions. Besides the Franciscans there were Dominicans, Benedictines, and many others, each in their distinctive dress. The whole College of Cardinals (those, at least, who were living in Rome) were obliged to go, in fullest gala dress, a blaze of scarlet. All the ambassadors, in diplomatic uniform, and covered with orders, were to be seen. The old Duke de Saldanha, Portuguese Ambassador, had so many orders that there was scarcely room for all, even on his broad chest. He had everything that anybody could possibly have, beginning with the Golden Fleece; every distinction for military prowess, for literary fame, and for civil merit. All the ambassadresses, all the Roman princesses went, in their most gorgeous array, and their historic jewels. Princess Corsini's diamond tiara was so high that it quite dwarfed her, she being a little thin woman. It really seemed to be a third of her height; but though, of course, of immense value, I did not admire it. It was more like a cut-steel fender than anything else. She wore also her celebrated pearls, the string of which broke one evening when I was standing beside her: the pearls flew in every direction, but I think they were all rescued. They were the largest I have ever seen, some being nearly as big as hazel-nuts; but they were not all quite perfect in shape, nor was the color so pure as in some of smaller size. Besides, in Rome one does not perhaps appreciate pearls as they deserve: they can be, and are, so exquisitely imitated.

The evening after the great reception there was always a smaller one of invited guests. On two occasions we had the good fortune to be asked. I don't think they were so interesting as the others; the cardinals were only in half-gala, the princesses wore their second-best diamonds, the religious or-

ders were in much smaller number. At the invited reception we got refreshments; but the ices did not make up for the want of the cardinals' scarlet cloaks. However, everybody liked to be asked to the second reception, chiefly because their friends were for the most part left out.

Cardinal Antonelli, the Secretary for State, was the most prominent figure in Rome at that time. He went much into society, and had great charm of manner: he always said pleasant, flattering things, and it did not greatly matter whether they were sincere or not.

He had a very remarkable collection of jewels; fine specimens of every known gem, and also of intaglios, cameos, etc.; and a series of pieces of every kind of marble, ancient and modern. We were invited to his apartment in the Vatican to see all this, and we went, expecting to find a sort of museum, with a functionary to show it. But no! we were received in the cardinal's drawing-room by the cardinal himself. In his pocket he kept the key of those valuable possessions, and probably he did wisely. The jewels were in boxes, and arranged on little rods. These rods were furnished with small nippers, each holding a separate stone. On touching a spring, the rods turned, the nippers sprang up like the keys of a flute, and the gem was seen transparent. There were diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, opals, amethysts, all splendid specimens; and, most beautiful of all, that rarest of stones, the jacinth, besides all kinds of what may be termed second-class jewels—turquoise, aquamarine, topaz, both pink and yellow, cairngorms. These last were differently arranged, being of larger size. Then there were engraved gems of all kinds, intaglios, cameos, both stone and shell: it was indeed a wonderful collection. The marbles, too, were very interesting. The cardinal said

he regretted having chosen so large a size for his squares of marble, as otherwise he could have picked up many small bits of rare kinds. He talked most agreeably, telling us, among other things, how in his earlier days, he sometimes went barefooted, in the depth of winter, dressed in the penitent's garb (which, as is well known, covers the whole face and form), and begged, "just for curiosity, and to know how it felt," and that it was not at all disagreeable! He took the precaution, however, to have always hot water ready to plunge his feet into on his return. In old days it was quite a common thing for people, even of high rank, to go out as penitents. As to the cold, he said it was in a great measure a matter of habit. He frequently went out to see his mother at Sennino, a village off the Frosinone road. He had been there lately, one very cold snowy day, and met a little boy who had neither shoes nor stockings. The cardinal asked him if he did not feel the cold in his bare feet. "No," said the boy; "is your face cold?"

The cardinal was certainly a very good son. He never neglected his mother, going often to see her, and always speaking of her with respect and affection, though she was but a peasant woman, and, report said, the widow of a brigand. Indeed it was said that all the male inhabitants of Sonnino were brigands, more or less.

One of our party, Mr. C., unfortunately took it into his head to catechize the Cardinal Secretary of State on his political views—to interview him, in short. There was a rebellion of some kind going on in Poland against Russia, and, to everybody's consternation, Mr. C. asked Antonelli what he thought of it. "Of course," said the cardinal, "one must always sympathize to a certain extent with those of one's own religion; but revolution is always revolution!" This was said with a darkening brow,

and such a fiery gleam in his eye, that I hastily interposed with some perfectly inane question about one of the gems. His Eminence looked much relieved.

When we rose to take leave the cardinal shook hands—indeed squeezed our hands emphatically, and begged that we would never forget him. It was so unlikely we should, he being one of the most important personages in European politics at that moment.

Going downstairs our friend Mr. C. said to me reproachfully, "I wish you had not changed the conversation just then. I was going to ask him what he thought of the state of affairs in Ireland." I did not repent of my interruption.

Though much liked in society, Antonelli was hated by the populace. He had a black cat, which used to sit on his shoulder when he was writing despatches and other documents. The common people said this cat was a familiar spirit—an emissary of the devil, if not indeed the devil himself—whispering evil things into the cardinal's ear. But of this I can form no opinion, not having seen the pussy in question.

In the College of Cardinals the most remarkable at that time, next to Cardinal Antonelli, was Cardinal d'Andrea. Nothing could be more opposed than the two men. Antonelli, representing the old system, strong in repression, with a very clear idea of his own plans, and a very decided determination to carry them out. D'Andrea, with the high and noble aim of blending all that was good in the old ways with all that was best in modern ideas of progress. He died at a comparatively early age: I do not think he was much over fifty, and that is young for a cardinal—especially for one who aspires to the Papacy. And had he lived he would probably have been Pope; he was the Liberal candidate. His political view was to make Italy a confederation. The

north, with Lombardy, Venice, Tuscany, to be under the King of Sardinia; the Pope to reign over all his old dominions; the King of Naples over Naples and Sicily. Those three were to be united in a close federation, with, I suppose, the Pope as umpire, in case of difficulties arising. And difficulties were pretty sure to arise,—between Victor Emmanuel and the King of Naples, for instance. It was a grand idea, and, could it have been worked, would have changed the whole future of Italy, and perhaps of some other countries. At least it would have prevented the bitter hatred which now exists in many quarters against the priests, and too often against all religion whatever. But it was not to be: the jealousy of Pio Nono was fiercely roused, and Cardinal d'Andrea was obliged to leave Rome and go to Naples, on pretext of his native air being good for his health. The reverse was the result: he died of consumption little more than a year after. The Vatican rejoiced, but the Roman people grieved. There certainly was no love lost between the cardinal and the Pope. The former said one day, when speaking of Pio Nono, "The Holy Father is as vain as a woman. He would burn me if he could."

The cardinal's religious opinions were moderate. He was no fanatic, and would never have been a persecutor. He often spoke of Protestantism, and asked many questions about it. Frequently he said, "That I approve." Once he said, speaking of the Virgin Mary, "You put her too low; but we put her as much too high."

He was a man of varied culture, and an enthusiastic Dante student. On one occasion he invited us to meet a learned friend of his, Padre Borgogni, who had translated the book of Isaiah into "terza rima," the same metre as the "Divina Commedia," and certainly as poetry it was magnificent.

Another and very different personality was Gibson the sculptor, whom we knew well. The kindest-hearted of men, he was totally without worldliness, and absolutely without envy and malice. In fact he could scarcely have been envious, he was so undoubtedly the king of the artist world. Still, it is not every man who, having attained greatness, is uniformly kind and helpful to those who are struggling up. His influence in Rome was always for good. After his death everything was changed: all the artists instantly went by the ears—so much so that one was afraid to go to a studio lest one should hear something against somebody next door, whereas Gibson never would allow evil-speaking. His quaint humor, too, was delightful. Of course he was very much petted by our Royal Family, and he gave a most amusing account of his visit to Osborne. When he was invited to go there, the (then) Prince of Wales asked him to arrange to go at the time he, the Prince, would be there. So it was settled. "Well," said he, in telling me the story, "I did not know if I was to stay all night, or even to dinner; so I made up my bag in this way. A coat, waistcoat, shirt; but I did not take second trousers. When I arrived I found I was to dine with the equerries, and stay the night. Next day at eleven I was to have an audience of her Majesty." In the morning, when he was dressing, comes a message from the Prince asking him to come down to the garden. Of course he hurried in finishing his toilet. "I did not wish to keep the Prince waiting, and I was just putting on my trousers as fast as I could when a terrible rent came at the back," said he, looking expressively over his shoulder. Alas! he had no other trousers. What was to be done? He rang the bell and asked if there was anybody in the house who could mend them. After considerable delay somebody was

found. In the meantime another message comes up, "The Prince of Wales is waiting in the garden." Presently another message, "The Princess of Wales is waiting"! Driven to desperation, Gibson said to the messenger, "Just you tell his Royal Highness exactly what has happened."

Naturally, when Gibson came down to the garden, he found the royal party struggling with imperfectly suppressed merriment. In fact the Princess of Wales never attempted to suppress it; nor did she recover her gravity all through the visit. Princess Helena was of the party, and Gibson told her that the last time he had seen her she was playing with a very large wax doll, a present from King Louis Philippe. "I have it still," said the Princess. Then she gathered a beautiful rose and gave it to him. Unfortunately the head broke off, whereupon he put it in his pocket. Presently the Princess of Wales gave him a rose. "You've lost the one I gave you," said Princess Helena. "No, ma'am, I have not; it is safe in my pocket."

But now it was almost eleven o'clock, and Gibson rose to go. "Oh! don't go yet; stay a little longer," said the Prince.

"No, I will not; I can't keep her Majesty waiting for any person," answered Gibson.

He was ushered into the Queen's presence, and he described the interview thus: "By Jove! I forgot, and spoke first!" But the Queen was most gracious. She asked him how old he was when he came to Rome, and he told her. Presently, as if quite unconnected with the previous question, she asked him how many years he had been in Rome. He replied, "If I were to tell you that, ma'am, you would know my age, and that I tell to no lady." And then the Queen laughed.

I think he was about seventy-six when he died. He was only a few days

ill. On going down to his studio to inquire for him, it was strangely silent and desolate. How one missed his bright welcome! Sad and lonely stood the wondrous statues around, the gods of Greece, for the most part; only one sacred subject was there, our Lord calling the little children to come to him.

He was buried on a bright January day in our lovely Protestant cemetery, where the birds were singing, and the violets blooming, as if in spring. All the foreigners in Rome were there, in deep mourning. The French troops were out, for he had the cross of the Legion of Honor. They marched with muffled drums, firing into the grave as they passed.

I do not think any one was ever so universally mourned. But it is sad to think that his beautiful works have never had a suitable place made for them in England. How much better the Danes treated Thorwaldsen!

Among the pleasantest recollections of Rome are the days spent at Palazzo Caetani, listening to the old Duke di Sermoneta's brilliant talk. The head of the great baronial House of Caetani, Don Michelangelo, as he was generally called, was one of the most learned and gifted men I have ever known. He was the greatest Dante scholar of the age. He was said to know the whole "Divina Commedia" by heart: if you gave him one word, he would go on from that to the end of the canto. When we first knew him he had not yet become blind, but the sight of one eye was weak. He always read with the book or manuscript held close to his face; and he tried his sight far too much, especially by reading at night. As was the case in all Roman palaces, there was no gas, and electric light was as yet unheard of. I always thought the supply of lamps and candles insufficient in those great dim rooms. The Italians have an idea that much light is bad for the eyes, so they

live in semi-darkness: this perhaps accounts for the great prevalence of blindness in Italy. The duke loved to pore over manuscripts, and the more crabbed and illegible they were, the more he seemed to enjoy it. Drawing was also a great pleasure to him; it was he who drew all those exquisite Etruscan designs carried out in gold-work by Castellani. Even after the duke became quite blind he could still draw the designs.

In fact, but for the duke, Castellani could never have done anything, for he had no money, and a large sum was required to provide all the very pure gold necessary for the work. The duke lent it to him, and thus enabled him to produce those lovely specimens of the goldsmith's art afterwards so famous. Castellani himself was quite a character. He had a supreme contempt for everything modern; and modern times, according to his views, reached very far back. Once, having come from one of the Paris Exhibitions, we told him we had seen some earrings that had belonged to Pharaoh's daughter who adopted Moses. "But Moses was quite a modern man," objected he. We asked if he considered that age of the Egyptian monarchy modern. "But—most modern"! he answered.

In earlier days, when the duke still had his eyesight, he drew plans of Dante's worlds—Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise; as well as many little illustrations explanatory of some obscure passages. One of the most ingenious showed how the shining spirits forming the letter M. in the 18th canto of the "Paradiso," with slight change, took the shape of a *fleur-de-lis*, and then of an eagle.

It is to be regretted that he never published a large or important work; but he wrote many slight articles, little pamphlets, some concerning Dante, and others about old Latin days; conversations in the Tusculan wood, etc. He

used to read Virgil aloud sometimes,—not as at Oxford and Cambridge, but with the soft Roman pronunciation. It was certainly very beautiful, and exceedingly easy to understand. He did not hesitate to call our English pronunciation barbarous. “Did the Romans not know better than anybody else how their language should be spoken?” And indeed there seemed some truth in that.

About once a-week, in Palazzo Caetani, there were Dante afternoons. After Don Michelangelo became blind, somebody else read; often Marchese Francesco Vitelleschi, who had a beautiful voice, and read extremely well,—pausing with great tact, whenever he thought there was anything to be explained; and those explanations were very delightful and instructive.

The duke was not at all in favor of the temporal power of the Pope. He used to say, “My ancestors owned every bit of ground between the gates of Rome and the gates of Naples before the Pope had a foot of temporal power.” That was quite true; his ancestors levied blackmail on everybody who passed that way. Although he was a Liberal in politics, and most simple and unassuming in manner, he was by no means democratic in opinions; and very proud he was of being a Campagna baron; much more so than of being the premier duke in Rome. That last he considered a trivial, commonplace thing, scarcely worth mentioning.

In his house I once heard a discussion as to the relative ranks of the Roman nobility: the first, and much the first, were the Campagna barons, who had ruled despotically in the neighborhood of Rome ever since the breaking up of the Empire. Don Michelangelo himself was born with the right of life and death on his property; but as all that came to an end when he was three years old, he naturally had

never exercised it. The only surviving really baronial families are the Caetani, the Colonna, the Orsini; at that time also the Santa Croce, now extinct in the male line. It is to be feared that those families did not always use their quite irresponsible power in the gentlest manner; for the word *baron* at the present day signifies also a tyrant.

Next to the barons, the feudal fiefs of the holy Roman Empire seemed to be the most considered. All were agreed that the papal nobility, generally having its source in nepotism, was the lowest of all.

It was the Duke di Sermoneta who went to invite Victor Emmanuel to Rome; but I don't think he was quite satisfied after he had got him. Like many other people, he expected too much: he thought everything would be faultless, which is never the case in this world; he expected everybody to be contented, which has certainly never yet been the case in Italy. He supposed that everybody was as purely and disinterestedly patriotic as he was himself; and he saw the evil of the great multitude of hangers-on, always clamoring for a place with little to do. The great ambition of a young Italian is to be an employee, and work half the day. They do not object to begin pretty early in the morning; but they must have their afternoons free, to wear pale kid gloves, and saunter on the Pincian, listening to the band. They say, “Only slaves work after three o'clock.” They are, however, content with very little pay. In the great palace of the Ministry of Finance I have been told there is room for a thousand of those clerks; that, I think, must be an exaggeration, but there are certainly too many. The Duke di Sermoneta, instead of the Ministry of Finance, always called it “the Mausoleum of the Finances.” And a mausoleum it was, of human beings as well as of finance; in the erection of it, the work,

as is usual in Italy, was let out to contractors, the cheapest contract being accepted. Unseasoned wood was used for the scaffoldings, consequently scarcely a day passed without something breaking and workmen being killed or injured.

At last the duke said, "Between the infamy of the Court and the stupidity of the Vatican I really don't know which to choose."

Though a good man and a good Catholic, he had no great admiration for the monastic orders. Nuns especially did not appeal to his sympathies. He said, "Every insect, generally speaking, lives in water or in air; nuns, however, are insects who can live without water and without air. I know it, for my sister is a nun." Also, like most other born Roman Catholics, he extremely objected to converts, usually speaking of them as "those lunatics."

Another Roman house in those days was Palazzo Santa Croce. It stands at the corner of the Via in Publicolis, recalling the tradition that the Santa Croces were descended from Valerius Publicola, "the good house that loved the people well." It was a strange old palace—said to be haunted, and it looked very like it. There was the bust of a Cardinal Santa Croce at the top of the stairs, and one of the young Santa Croce girls told me that at night he got off his pedestal and walked about the house, "because he was a very wicked man." However, there has never been a Pope of that family, on which account, according to the Duke di Sermoneta, they deserved particular consideration, and were always waited for, however late they might be!

There were some good pictures in the palace, especially Guido's Europa. The archives of the family were interesting; they dated from the time of the Empress Helena, when one of the family went with her to the Holy Land

and brought back the piece of the true cross, now venerated in the Basilica of S. Croce in Gerusalemme. But I think they were prouder of their legendary descent from Valerius Publicola. The eldest daughter of the house was singularly like the portrait of Beatrice Cenci; I remarked it to her, and she told me that Beatrice Cenci's mother was a Santa Croce.

Liszt very often came in the evening to Palazzo Santa Croce, and used to go to the piano and play for hours. Sometimes, however, he announced that he could not play. He said he had little talent for music, but he could play whist. And what whist it was! Never have I seen anything so queer. Nobody seemed to have the most rudimentary idea of returning their partner's lead, usually preferring to return their adversary's. Under-trumping was frequent, and revokes not unknown. There were no markers; everybody had a bit of paper and a pencil, and jotted down the progress of the game. The "canonico," a priest who came nearly every evening, was the only person who had the faintest notion of how the game should be played. This, however, was a doubtful advantage, as it caused him to lose his temper violently; and totally forgetting his manners, he spoke to everybody, including the Prince, in the second person plural instead of the polite third person. Liszt meanwhile sat serenely, with his long hair falling back and a sweet smile on his face, as if wrapt in Elysium. Once, in passing through the room, I asked, "What are trumps?" Liszt put his hand on his heart and said, "Les cœurs regnent toujours!"

Frequently, however, he went to the piano. One evening he volunteered to play a duet with Donna Louisa, the eldest daughter, who was to play on the harmonium. She objected that she had only begun to learn that instrument, that she knew but one tune, and

even of it only the first part, which she could play with the right hand only. "That will do quite well; let us begin," said Liszt. They accordingly began, and he improvised the most exquisite variations on the simple little theme. Presently he got completely absorbed in the music, and Donna Louisa stopped. Very soon, however, he perceived this, and broke off abruptly with, "Well, why don't we go on?" and she had to begin again. Another time he was asked to play "Characters." A name of some mutual friend, or somebody known in society, was mentioned, and he improvised something suitable to each person. There were delicate, faint melodies; deep, thrilling chords; merry, rippling trills; and then a wild crash of hurrying notes. At last a name was given which seemed to rouse much merriment. He then turned his back to the piano and played with his fists.

At this time Gregorovius was much in Rome,—often at Palazzo Caetani, and also in German houses. He did not go much among the English, not speaking the language at all. In fact, he was really at home only in German, and, in a lesser degree, in Italian. On being asked if he spoke French, he replied, "Badly and unwillingly." At Casa Caetani this did not matter, for every language was spoken there. Don Michelangelo's gifted daughter, Countess Lovatelli, spoke six fluently.

One of the peculiarities of Gregorovius was that he would not go anywhere where he was asked, though he willingly came when not invited. On one occasion I really wished him to come, on account of friends who were very desirous of meeting him. A few evenings before I met him at a German house, and when I was going away I said to him, "Some friends are coming to spend Wednesday evening with us; but I don't ask you to come, I don't want you; in fact, I had rather

you stayed away." He came, and made himself most agreeable.

Perhaps the poems of Gregorovius are not as well known as his prose. He did not write a great deal of poetry, but what he wrote was very beautiful—his poem of "Icarus" in particular, suggested by a bas-relief in the Villa Albani. Some of his verses, little miniature poems of four lines, are exquisite—especially one to the almond-tree. He had a peculiar love for almond-blossom, and when he was about to leave Rome he mourned, almost tearfully, that he had to go before the trees were in flower. Whereupon a young Roman, somewhat lacking in sentiment, said in much surprise, "How can it possibly matter to him or to anybody else whether the almonds are in blossom or not?"

There was a very pleasant German society at that time. One very brilliant house was that of Baron Platner, son of the Platner who wrote the "Rombeschreibung" along with Bunsen. All the most noted German authors and artists went there. There was also the German Artist Club, which gave merry parties. The club still exists; but, like many other things in Rome, it has become too large and too ambitious, thereby losing its homelike simplicity. In those days it used to give amateur theatricals, which were often exceedingly amusing. One little comedy was "The Niece and the Nightingale," wherein much confusion was caused by the old uncle thinking a man who had come to buy the nightingale wished to marry the niece. There was no splendor; little lighting up, for electric light did not yet exist; no costly refreshments, only a bun and a glass of lemonade or weak punch. But there was much kindly hospitality.

In my first years in Rome archaeology, among the English at least, was not much cultivated. There was always a German or, as it was then

called, a Prussian Archaeological Institute, and also, of course, an Italian Academy with the same scope. But Germans and Italians were far too busy quarrelling to have much leisure for study. The Forum was still untouched. Instead of showing its present appearance of a town recently ruined by an earthquake, it was then a field with a few trees and some rough grass, where occasionally some cattle were to be seen browsing. Just about that time they began to uncover part of the Basilica Giulia. The Arch of Septimius Severus was prominent and the Arch of Titus; also the Column of Phocas, its name already ascertained, its base being no longer buried. Other ruins were named in a very haphazard manner. The columns now definitely ascertained to belong to the Temple of Castor and Pollux, were then termed remains of the Temple of Minerva Chalcidica; while almost anything was ascribed to Jupiter Stator,—failing him, to Jupiter Tonans. The house of the Vestals, Juturna's Fount, and the house of the Pontifex Maximus, were undreamt of.

Then came the English archaeologist, Mr. Parker. Immediately the Germans and Italians left off disputing among themselves, and unanimously swooped upon Mr. Parker. It must be confessed that his methods of argument were not the mildest imaginable. He constantly told his opponents that they had not a shadow of proof of what they asserted. This naturally was not soothing, and the fighting grew fast and furious. The Italians were not quite so angry as the Germans. Indeed De Rossi was then, as ever, uniformly kind and encouraging to everybody; but his work lay mostly underground in the Catacombs. At length even the Germans acknowledged Mr. Parker's services to archaeology, especially in determining the site of the Porta Capena, and also in tracing the course of the

ruined aqueducts. It must be remembered that at the time in question there was but one aqueduct bringing drinkable water to Rome; the others lay in ruins, and it was not till several years after this that Pio Nono caused the Marcan Aqueduct to be repaired. Now the English, German, and Italian archaeologists get on perfectly well together.

In those old days the Palace of the Cæsars, then called the Farnese Gardens, was still undisturbed: it was a tangle of wild-flowers and blossoming shrubs, inhabited by a good many snakes. Besides the danger from snakes, there was always the risk of tumbling into apparently fathomless holes, concealed by the brambles and briars. Of course there were no parapets, no warning placards; it was all as wild and pathless as the Campagna, and if one chose to wander about, it was nobody's business to prevent one being killed. Now and then one came upon a fragment of masonry, seemingly unaccountable in such a wilderness; and occasionally one found oneself standing on concrete instead of upon earth. It was wonderfully picturesque, and the view of the Coliseum magnificent; but the Hall of Domitian, the Palace of Caligula, the house of Augustus, were all buried deep down.

There was a great sensation when it was announced that the Farnese Gardens were to be excavated; and many a pleasant day we spent there, accompanied by the ever-kind and courteous Signor Rosa. His enthusiasm was delightful to behold. One day he arrived at the German Institute staggering under the weight of a huge lead water-pipe on which he had discovered the name of Livia, thereby determining the topography beyond all doubt.

The Coliseum, like most other things in Rome, was far more beautiful then than now. It was a mass of foliage; good-sized trees, a wealth of wall-flow-

ers, violets everywhere, golden broom, and many rare and curious plants. It was supposed that the trees were pushing out the stones, and an order was given that they were to be rooted up. Possibly the larger trees did mischief; but I think the violets, and even the wall-flowers must have been harmless. Unfortunately, however, the order being given, it happened that Signor Rosa was obliged to go to Florence; and when he came back he was aghast. There was the building, scraped, peeled, utterly naked; and, curiously enough, it seemed reduced to half its normal size. The worst of it was that several plants, peculiar to the Coliseum, were lost forever.

Another of the sorrowful changes in Rome is the destruction of its many lovely villas. First and foremost the exquisite Villa Ludovisi, with its glorious cypress avenues. It was indeed sad to see the palms and cypresses carted away in order to build the uninteresting new quarter, strongly resembling South Kensington. The villa ought to have been bought by the Government, if its noble owner persisted in selling it. Surely there is something repulsive in the idea of the owner, while professing strong attachment to the Vatican and the old order of things, yet condescending to trade with the newcomers, in hopes of making money. It is some small consolation to know that owner, buyers, builders, were all more or less ruined by the speculation.

Many other beautiful villas have been swallowed up in brick and mortar: the Strozzi, Negroni, Wolkonski, the Villa Campana, where the talented sculptor, Mr. Warrington Wood, had his studio for several years; now its charming gardens are all pulled to pieces, and what remains of the house is a low restaurant.

Villa Muti-Savorelli is also sadly altered. Having been a typical old Roman villa, picturesque, quaint, with its

tangled garden, its thickets of roses, where two beautiful white goats wandered at will, browsing on the rose-leaves, it is now thoroughly spoilt and vulgarized by its present wealthy owners. It might be the Lees at Folkestone or a Parade at Southsea. An immense deal of money has been spent upon it, with the above-mentioned melancholy result. I believe it is now called Villa Aurelia. The only thing that cannot be spoilt is the view, extending over the whole of Rome, away, away to the Sabine Mountains, the peak of Mons Lucitilis, the snows of the Leonessa. In very clear weather even the Gran Sasso d' Italia is visible.

This villa originally belonged to the Muti-Savorelli family, who owned a beautiful villa at Frascati, where Cardinal York died; and also the palace in the Piazza Santa Apostoli, so long inhabited by Prince Charles Edward. In his lifetime it was high treason for any British subject to enter that palace. The Muti-Savorellis are now extinct, and I do not know who succeeded to the property; all was sold.

Vittoria Savorelli was the heroine of Edmond About's novel of "Tolla." One of the Dorias, brother of the then prince, fell in love with her and wished to marry her. As the Villa Savorelli is almost at the entrance of the Villa Doria, the young people naturally saw each other often. But the Doria family would not hear of the marriage. And, in truth, though one's sympathies had always gone with Tolla in reading the novel, yet on becoming acquainted with the family, one could not but feel the absolute impossibility of the alliance, in spite of the Mutis' boasted descent from Mutius Scaevola.

Poor Tolla died of consumption, quite young. She was an only daughter, but had three brothers, all of whom we knew, as well as the old mother, a worthy elderly lady, who possibly might have proved a trying mother-in-

law to a Doria. The brothers were, first, the Marchese; then the Monsignore, a dignified ecclesiastic, who looked very well in a Roman drawing-room, but in the country paid small attention to appearance. That class of Italians thought it quite absurd to dress even tidily in the country, and anything clean was out of the question.

The youngest brother, the Toto of About's story, was the most interesting. He had been a Garibaldian, and lost some of his fingers in the fighting. Before that, he had studied sculpture under Thorwaldsen, and told us much about his way of life and manner of working. It seems Thorwaldsen had no servant. An old woman came in every morning for an hour or two. She came very early, bringing him a loaf and a jug of milk; this was his breakfast, and he took nothing more till sunset. Then he left his work and dined at a restaurant, generally going to the Artist's Café afterwards. He dined well, and drank an ample supply of wine—so much that, in spite of his strong northern head, when he went home the room sometimes span round with him. Young Savorelli, a temperate Italian, remonstrated with him about this. Thorwaldsen grunted and said, "H'm! perhaps you consider me a beast!" "Yes," answered Savorelli, "a beast in this, but in nothing else."

Pleasant evenings were often spent in the Palazzo Spada, then inhabited by an Englishwoman who had lived so long in Italy as to be quite Roman. Her political opinions were known to be Liberal, so the Papal Government looked upon her with suspicion. When

we went up the dimly lighted stair, and through the great half-dark hall, past the statue of Pompey, two papal gendarmes were to be seen, posted there to watch who went out and in. After all, there were no conspirators in the case; the time was passed in the very innocent occupation of reading Goldoni's plays, everybody taking part. People were quite accustomed at that time to the gendarmes appearing at festal gatherings. There was a law which probably, and very properly, still exists, forbidding dancing except on a first floor. This, as Roman houses are constructed, was certainly prudent, as there might have been considerable risk of bringing down the whole building. But young people sometimes tried to infringe it, and then the solemn gendarmes made their appearance and stayed all evening. Nobody was surprised or in the least annoyed.

Ah! well, with all the absurdities and inconveniences of those days, one would like to go back to them,—to drive, dusty and tired, into Rome, by the road leading from the Milvian Bridge. No gaswork then; no foundries; no mean, dirty shops: only beautiful villas, with the roses hanging over the walls. The favorite way of going to St. Peter's then, some half-century ago, was to cross the Tiber by the ferry, and walk through the fields of Cincinnatus, between the hawthorn-hedges. Now it is all a hideous suburb of badly built houses, already falling to pieces. But they will not even make good ruins. Alas! there is no such thing as going back. No river runs back to its source.

THE WINDS OF CATHRIGG.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LIFE'S RENEWED ENDEAVOR.

The news communicated in brief, bald notes from Caradoc to the two households at Beachcombe, and supplemented by a rather more detailed one from Edward to his mother, was almost too surprising to be realized. Viola took it in silence; she really did not know what to say. Then she flew down the hill to Lady Crosby's cottage, and burst in upon her, finding words in a torrent.

"Oh, mother! You've heard too? Cathrigg won't be sold! The Hydro. isn't coming. Oh, mother, can't we all go back home?"

"My dear child!" exclaimed Lady Crosby, as Viola hugged her, "I am indeed glad; but you forget this concerns Crad only."

"Oh! but, mother, you will come, won't you? Of course, Crad will want us?"

"That is more than we can say, Viola; but, in any case, things will be different. Do you mean that you really want to be with me, not with your aunts?"

"Why, mother, you're home," said Vi. "Of course I do. And—oh! I wish Elsie was here still. I want to tell her that Cathrigg is still ours. If it had not been for that, to-day, at this very minute, it would have been the Hydro.'s! When I awoke this morning I thought it was gone! And it's not!"

Ned Mason joined Caradoc as he went through London, and the two young men arrived at Beachcombe together, and went straight to Lady Crosby's, where Viola awaited them. Caradoc was to go back with her to his aunts', and to stay there for the night.

It was, after all, a very quiet meeting.

Lady Crosby kissed him, and said, "I congratulate you, my dear Caradoc"; and Vi found herself speechless.

A little information about Mr. Morgan's death, and the circumstances of Caradoc's receiving the news was asked and given.

Caradoc explained how he had got the letter as Mr. Elsworthy was leaving Cathrigg Hall, just in time to prevent the signing of the contract with the Hydropathic Company.

"Oh," broke in Viola, "it is such a pity! Mr. Elsworthy sent for Elsie to come home all of a sudden, directly he got back from Cathrigg. She did not know why he wanted her at all."

Edward caught sight of Caradoc's face as this announcement was made, and knew at once what his look of blank dismay betrayed. He went on talking, and gave the poor fellow time to collect his thoughts, and to return to the matter in hand; and presently Caradoc rather solemnly began:

"Mother, I have been talking to Edward, and I wish to say at once that of course the children's education will now be my affair. There need be no consideration but what is best for them. Giles can go to the best of preparatory schools, and I should like him to go to Eton if you and Ned approve; and the girls to have whatever you wish for them. I should like Giles to have all the advantages we had to go without."

"You are very good, Crad, to think of the little ones at once," said Lady Crosby.

"I thought of them directly. And, mother, whatever else I do, I shall have the house put thoroughly to rights; it is still home for us all. You will say when you like to come there."

"My dear Crad," said Lady Crosby, "if you once begin to pull the old house about, it will be a long time before it will be fit for anybody to live in!"

"Yes, I know. And—" Crad broke off and colored; then he said, with an odd mixture of simplicity and of youthful importance: "I know it was very shabby and uncomfortable for you, and I should like you to enjoy it at its best. My father, I am sure, would have liked it. And now I suppose I ought to go up to the aunts'."

"He is a dear boy," said Lady Crosby, as the brother and sister went off together.

"Yes, mother," said Ned. "I don't know any one with a kinder heart than Crad, and you must look after him. Remember he isn't twenty-four, and this fortune makes the most tremendous change for him. He'll want us all to hold on to. But he'll take care that the children have everything they can need."

Lady Crosby gave a little sigh. Perhaps her short period of independence of the perplexing Crosbys had had its charm. But she said no word of this. They should not find her wanting.

Meantime Caradoc and Viola walked off together, and the young head of the house, with a little natural importance, laid down his views of what was fitting for his sister. No, Viola must certainly not rush away from her aunts in a violent and ungrateful manner; he would take care that she was no longer dependent on them; he was the proper person to provide for his own sister. It would not do at all for her to be running wild in Marsdale at present. She must go on improving herself as the mother and the aunts desired, and as Miss Elsworthy advised her; and then the talk was easily brought round to Elsie and her doings and sayings; and Caradoc cherished the thought that Mr. Elsworthy had sent for her so that, after his change of fortune, he

should feel quite free to act as he chose.

"It would be just like him," thought Crad; "but I shall go there at once, and win her promise now I have the power. Now!"

The aunts had had but little time to adjust their ideas. "Poor Crad," the inconvenient and hopeless nephew, who would always be an expense and anxiety, had changed into "Sir Caradoc," the head of the house, with means to carry out his wishes, and a right to his opinion.

They were unworldly people, they had always wished to be just and kind to Crad, but somehow all his kindness and right behavior at the time of his father's funeral which they had always acknowledged, showed in a stronger light now.

Caradoc was very observant, sensitive to every change of manner and tone, and he felt the unconscious change in them, and secretly resented it. He knew they were more deferential than they would have been last week.

However, all went off amicably. There was much to say about old Mr. Morgan, reminiscences that came out now with renewed interest; altogether it was a happy evening.

Caradoc managed his little speech to his eldest aunt, though he was much more shy of her than of "the mother." Viola must not be any expense to the kind aunts, only he hoped they would still be kind to her.

Miss Tremaddock took it all quite naturally. Of course, since Caradoc was so generous a brother, many things might be different for Viola now.

And—Miss Tremaddock took the brother into her confidence—Mr. Winterton was coming back, and Vi's foolish flight from him had been the result of distress about poor Quentin and fear of losing her home. No doubt the whole matter would come on again, naturally

and happily; and really Viola might do much worse.

"I should not think, you know, my dear Caradoc, of over-persuading Vi."

"I don't think you could, Aunt Bessie; she knows her own mind very well generally. I have never understood the Winterton business, but I suppose Vi is bound to give him another hearing if he wishes it."

"The very absence of any need to accept him will make the poor child more free to follow her feelings," said Miss Tremaddock. "But that all lies in the future."

Caradoc had too much to think of in the present to give his mind to an indefinite future. He went back to London on the next morning, for more business interviews, and gradually the new state of things became wonderfully natural. There were shops, too, to be visited, and he did not get back to Northborough till late at night.

He had a few arrangements to make there before the disappointed and disgusted Mr. Boswell could be finally disposed of, and then, before going home, he meant to go to Ashenhead, and with a thrill of proud satisfaction he realized that he could now ask Elsie at once to be his wife.

All scruples would disappear, and when he gave orders for the repairs of Cathrigg it would be with a view of making it ready for a new mistress.

All the clouds seemed to be rolling away, and the future shone before him. If he brought Elsie to Marsdale, he would bring such a blessing there that all old sores would be forgotten.

He meant to go to Ashenhead by the afternoon train, and before that, he had another visit to pay.

Kirk-Marsby was within easy reach of Northborough. A short drive would take him there, and a strong impulse moved him to visit his father's grave, to pay that tribute to remembrance be-

fore he began his new life. He went to a flower shop at Northborough and bought the most beautiful flowers that he could get. He remembered how economy had had to be considered even in those which the widow and daughter had laid on the new-made grave. It was a lovely day, all sunshine and sweet air, very unlike the stormy ominous winds of the funeral morning. He left his conveyance at the inn, and went alone into the churchyard, easily finding the recent grave, on which of course no stone had yet been placed. There should be a good one now, solid and lasting as the rock of Cathrigg Fell itself.

Caradoc sat down on a flat tombstone near by, and looked about him. He had looked at nothing on the funeral day; but there was an immense spreading view over hill and dale from the churchyard, Cathrigg Fell and Scunner Head bounding it to the south.

Caradoc rested his elbows on his knees and his face on his hands. He thought of his father; of his uncle; of their stormy, misguided paths; of his resolute young brother, whose youth had been hard and penurious, and who had held his head up by a kind of self-denial in which he himself had notably failed. He thought of his own foolish debts—debts which now could be discharged so easily; of the roughness and hardship and the want of advantages in the lives of his tenants and dependents. His thoughts glanced at the coldness which he had recently felt from them.

"They think poorly of me!" he thought "and they have had good reason."

He had got such a chance now as no one of his race had had for generations, and, as he looked at his father's grave, he felt the cruel self-reproach, and yet the self-excusing, the seeing why things went wrong, that comes when the strain of intercourse is past

and gone, and the rub is over and the book is closed.

"Father," he said, "I wasn't a good son, and I don't think you ever had the chance of being a very good father. But I couldn't see that; I could not make allowances for my father, could I? I'll try and do for yours what you couldn't do. If you can think of it now, father, you'll know just why I went wrong, because I'm made out of the same block. I'll never recall anything again that lies between us. And oh, if I could but have told you that last day that I meant to be a good son! There's no making up for the past, but all you never did for those dependent on you shall be done now; and you were very sorry that things went to the bad in your hands. And I'll be better than a son to Mr. Quince, and 'the mother' who lived hardly for us shall have the best of everything. That's all I can do for you, father—I who am luckier than you. The Crosbys of Cathrigg shan't go under."

This silent appeal to his dead father was to Caradoc like a vow. In another age and country the same instincts would have led him to offer masses and candles for his erring father's soul.

He knelt down by the grave and laid his flowers gently upon it, and then he prayed earnestly to be forgiven for his past, and that he might do better in the future.

And then, as he turned and set his face towards the way that led to Elsie, he felt as if old things had passed away and all the world was hopeful and new. Surely he had laid all the ghosts of the past, and the future was ready to smile on him.

He had proved over and over again that he was in earnest, and there could be no reason for saying him nay.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IMPALPABLE.

Caradoc established himself at the

Ashenhead Hotel, and in the late afternoon, which was still light and sunny, walked down the familiar street towards his old quarters. He felt happy and eager, like a prince come into his kingdom. There was nothing now to keep Elsie from him, and young, natural if frivolous, thoughts of the ring he would give her, the diamonds he would like to see her wear, floated across the top of his deeper feelings.

Should he ring at the side door, or go through the shop and find Mr. Elsworth? Quince settled the matter by suddenly appearing and bouncing at him with barks and shrieks of joyful recognition. The house door was open and Elsie stood on the step.

Caradoc was at her side in a moment.

"You fled from me," he cried, "but I am here. Darling, you knew I should come, now that I *can* come and claim you!"

The flush of joy that rose in Elsie's face faded and left it white. She could not speak a word.

"You are glad? You know? Vi has told you about the money? Why did you run away?"

Elsie took hold of his hand and squeezed it hard.

"Go to father," she said, "and then come to me. I'll wait in the garden."

Oh, he was hers, his presence proved it! There could not be one black thought behind those eager eyes!

"Well," said Caradoc, "yes, I'll go to him; where is he?"

"In his room, I think."

Caradoc rushed off and Elsie went into the garden and sat down on a bench at the end of it, trembling and cold. In three minutes Caradoc darted out at the house door.

"I can't find your father anywhere. He's gone out, they say. Come, let me tell you all about it. There'll be plenty of time to tell him."

Elsie was silent. This eager, vivid,

masterful person seemed as if he must have his own way.

"It is all right," Caradoc said. "My godfather has left me money enough to set everything straight, I shall not have to sell my property, all the liabilities can be paid off and the place put to rights. I can provide for my sister and for the little ones, and, Elsie, I can give you the home you deserve. You will come and make Marsdale a happy valley and help me to lift our name out of the dust. Elsie, I've not been, as you know, worthy to kiss your feet. But if thankfulness, if being humbled by good fortune can make a new beginning—and, Elsie, the hand of God must rule our lives, since He brought me here in my utmost need and saved me from destruction—help me not to be quite unworthy."

There are many misunderstandings in real life, and many more in fiction, but it is nevertheless more often given to absolutely fair-minded, true-hearted and sensible people to know the truth, when they hear it, than it is the fashion to suppose.

Jealousy and suspicion fell away from Elsie's pure soul, and she knew that Caradoc was her faithful lover, that he was holding no dark past back from her, and that he meant from his heart every word he said to her, and to her pure heart strength and faith were given.

"Caradoc," she said, "I believe every word you say, and I do love you; but the way isn't clear before us, and I will tell you about it myself."

"We'll see if we can't clear the way," said Caradoc, with a new confidence and decision, as he sat down on the bench beside her.

"In the first place," said Elsie, "you are very young and I am nothing like your social equal. You don't know your own world, and you ought to live in it first. No—wait. It wouldn't be right to let any one say that father and I

took advantage of you and your being here as you were."

"I think," said Caradoc, "that there has been a good deal that more than equalizes things between us. I'll take care no one says that. And as for the world—My grandmother was presented, and so shall my wife be. Elsie," he went on, and again his tone was humble, "I don't think you need be afraid. I haven't got such a bad record in things that matter. You know I don't drink, I've never had any turn for it, and my debts were wrong, of course; but I'd no money, and then I hardly knew there was none I could have. Of course I cheeked the dons—that's all over—and you know about Agnes. If she'd been a bad sort—of course I don't say what might have been; but she's a good woman, and I honored her as such. I've told her about you, and she has wished us well. It was a dream and it's over. And my father—you know, I told you about the quarrel that drove me away. It's an awful thing to know I lifted my hand to him. I've got that temper, Elsie, and so had he! God knows, I've wished I was a Roman Catholic, that I could fancy I could make amends to him by spending this money in masses or something like that. But the only thing I can do is to pull up his name again, and I suppose God knows all about his temptations as well as mine!"

"And the last time," said Elsie in a whisper, "you couldn't then—?"

"Oh," said Caradoc, with deep gravity in his voice, "then, he fell before I could speak to him. Oh! I often think how hard life was on him. It's a very queer thing, it cuts very deep to pity one's father, Elsie. And yet that's how I see it now."

Then Elsie changed her purpose. She had thought at first that she ought to tell him the cruel things that she had heard, but now she vowed within herself that she would never let one word

of such vain folly pass her lips, and if trouble came to him from idle slanders it should come to her too.

"I will give you my promise," she said, "and I will be engaged to you. But I think father will make us wait."

"Oh well," said Caradoc, "we'll see about that."

Neither of them knew quite well how the next few minutes went, but Quince suffered pangs of jealousy, and thrust himself up on to the bench between them.

"You shall come back to your native air, old boy," said Caradoc, laughing. "Elsie, you can come and see Cathrigg? Your father will bring you? Would Miss Sophy come? Or shall I get one of the aunts from Beachcombe—if there must be a lady? Then you can see what it is like, and what you like. That's the chief thing, you know."

"I feel as if I knew just what it is like!" said Elsie, "because I know you, and you belong to it so."

"Yes, yes. That's just it!" said Caradoc, delighted.

Then he drew out a little case from his pocket and produced a slender old-fashioned ring, made of a true-lover's knot in tiny rubies.

"I found this among the old things," he said; "will it do for the present?"

"It would do always," said Elsie fervently. "It's not like any other. But—"

She paused a moment, then held out her little hand.

"Yes," she said, "I will take it," and she registered a silent pledge to stand by Caradoc shoulder to shoulder, as a faithful friend, until she could put her hand in his and join her lot with him forever.

"I will keep it," she said with a gravity which he was himself too much thrilled and excited to feel strange; and even as she spoke she knew that they were not alone, and, looking up, saw her father coming down the garden towards them.

She stood up, flushing deeply, while Caradoc taking her hand again, went forward, saying, in the frank and eager tones that were so familiar and so characteristic:

"Sir, now that I can come I have come. You will give her to me. I have got plenty of money now, and there will be no more difficulty."

Poor Mr. Elsworthy had spent many a sleepless hour in trying to decide what was the right line to take with this youth whom he loved, and yet of whom he felt so doubtful.

It was impossible—he felt it to be impossible to repeat the vague slanders which he had heard to the young man's face; to give the names of his informants would only lead to anger and quarrels, actions for libel—everything that was against his principles and his traditions. Besides, face to face with Caradoc, he did not credit for one moment that he came with intent to deceive. Still, whether he knew it or not, there was a cloud upon him; his character was unproved, and his circumstances were so unusual that to give him Elsie seemed impossible.

Honestly, neither the old title nor the new wealth affected David Elsworthy's point of view. He did not wish his girl to go away into so alien a world, he had much rather she had married in a more ordinary way; it was only his liking for Caradoc himself, and his respect for his daughter's right to her own free choice, that swayed him favorably. He felt his judgment unequal to the situation, and he had no self-confidence to carry him through.

He called Caradoc into the house, and listened to his earnest appeal, an appeal which touched him, since it contained no sign that the young man thought that his new prosperity gave him the right to claim consent. The right to ask was all he assumed. And now, Elsie had agreed to grant his desire.

"Then," said Mr. Elsworthy at last, "I express to you and to Elsie one wish and a request—that this engagement shall not be proclaimed, published nor mentioned to your family for at least six months, and that neither of you shall hold the other bound until that time is over. If for no other reason, I cannot have it supposed that I took advantage of your position here, or held you bound in your changed circumstances. If, after all, you marry my daughter, her position will be the more dignified for the delay."

True as this was, Mr. Elsworthy was so truthful a man that he felt himself disingenuous, and, though Caradoc could not exactly deny what he said, he looked puzzled.

"You wouldn't forbid me to come here?" he said rather boyishly.

"How can you ask for it? You must know that your coming here to-day must have caused remark. No, I couldn't allow it."

While they talked, Miss Sophia had come into the room, and her brother had not paused for her entrance. She suddenly spoke:

"David, thee is not acting as fairly by our friend as is thy custom. The truth is best. Friend Caradoc, it is right that thee should be told that some among thy neighbors and acquaintances disbelieve thy statements, both as to thy father's death and as to thy relations with the young woman thee has named to us. There is gossip about thee, which we all hold false, but which thee should be able to silence."

Caradoc listened, at first with great astonishment, then with more comprehension.

"What," he said, "what do they say? Stop though. Does Elsie know this?"

"She knows that there has been talk."

"Let her come in," said Caradoc with dignity, though he was very pale. "I will hear, and I will answer—to her."

Elsie came at her aunt's summons. She sat down quietly.

"What do they say?" repeated Caradoc.

Then David Elsworthy pulled himself together and said:

"I should not have told you of this gossip, Sir Caradoc, but truth is best. I am to blame for thinking of results in the matter. I am told that there is talk of—another quarrel between you and your father—on what evidence I cannot say."

"There is no evidence," said Caradoc. "No one but myself was there. I have deserved that people should think I might again have quarreled with my father, might have lifted my hand against him, but I have not deserved that I should be suspected of denying it and giving false evidence before the coroner. You say you did not mean to speak of it, but you meant to act upon it, Mr. Elsworthy."

"I meant to delay action," said Mr. Elsworthy.

"I think," said Miss Elsworthy, "that as it seems to be plain that a tale of the kind is being told about Caradoc Crosby, it would be well if thee and he together endeavored to trace it to its source, which may be mistake or may be malice. Taking offence seems to me to obscure truth more often than to discover it. And it is desired to discover the truth, I suppose."

"I desire it," said Caradoc. "I desire it wholly. As for the other matter—my relations with Agnes Wilson. I have told the exact truth about her. It would be easy to ask her family, except that such inquiries would be as unsuitable there as they would be here."

He flung up his head and looked very impracticable, for the deep offence of mistrusting his word was beginning to stir in his blood. But as he spoke he remembered how great a want of cordiality he had perceived in his friends

and neighbors. Were these slanders the explanation of it?

He spoke again rapidly, and in a different tone.

"Of course," he said, "as long as my name does not stand clear, Mr. Elsworthy is perfectly right not to entertain my proposals. I have a good deal less right to come forward than I knew I had when I hadn't a penny. I think, Mr. Elsworthy, you ought to tell me your authority."

"Yes," said Mr. Elsworthy, "in the long run I shall. But you must remember it was only hearsay repeated. Let me endeavor to run it down first. Sir Caradoc will do the same."

A sense of deep repression, of a pursuing evil fate fell upon Caradoc. Good luck was not for him.

"I ought to beg your pardon," he said, turning to Elsie, "for approaching you as I have done, with this behind me."

"That sounds very fine, but I think it's rather silly," said Elsie in a steady little voice. And the inevitable laugh cleared the air.

The Sunday Magazine.

"Let us before all things be reasonable," said Mr. Elsworthy. "A scandal exists, and we must endeavor to get rid of it; but we believe you to have acted in good faith. And if there was no scandal at all, I should still insist on your taking full time to consider your new position."

"I left you with old Tunstall!" cried Caradoc suddenly. "I'll be bound he is at the bottom of it. He always was an old fool, no more good than a sheep as far as sense or influence goes. I'll go and nail him to the spot."

"Thee had better take supper with us," said Miss Sophia, "else will thy coming here appear much more unaccountable."

It was a strange evening, and perhaps the happiest creature there was Quince, who knew that his best friend was there, and even he suffered compunctions between faithfulness to his mistress and adoration of Caradoc, as to whose merits he at least had no misgivings.

Christabel Coleridge.

(To be continued.)

GERMAN DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

The interest excited by the stage and the importance attached to everything connected with it are greater in Germany than in any other part of Europe. . . . The Germans talk of it as of some new organ for refining the hearts and minds of men; a sort of lay pulpit, the worthy ally of the sacred one, and perhaps even better fitted to exalt some of our nobler feelings. . . . Literature attracts nearly all the powerful thought that circulates in Germany; and the theatre is the greatest nucleus of German literature.

These words are as applicable to the

conditions of the drama in Germany at the present day as they were when Carlyle wrote them in 1825. The part played by the theatre in modern German life can scarcely be overrated. In every town the playhouse is invariably one of the most imposing buildings. Its director is a man of culture and literary instincts, as often as not the author of serious biographical or critical works, and attached to it is a company of competent players. The newspapers concern themselves largely with the theatre. To quote Carlyle again, they "are bursting with theatricals." The

German dramatic critic is a person of importance. He fears neither the dramatist nor the actor-manager; he has knowledge and experience, he possesses true critical insight, and an independent spirit. He takes himself and his office seriously. After a first-night performance he contents himself with brief observations on the acting and setting of the play, reserving for a day or two detailed criticism of the material of the drama until he has seen it again or has had time to read it, for in nearly every case a new German play is in the booksellers' shops within a day or two of its first performance.¹

But neither the German people nor the great English critic and exponent of their literature dreamed in 1825 of the vast development of topic that was to take place in their drama, or of the apparently unpromising elements of which the best modern German plays were to be compounded. If we confine our survey to plays produced in the last decade, we find that while a few of them, true to the precedent, develop with effect romantic themes of perennial beauty and purity, the majority of them illustrate almost every new and notable phase of current life and thought. Materialism, mysticism, asceticism, democratic socialism, and aristocratic individualism, are all in their most recent manifestations accorded dramatic treatment in the German theatre, and, contrary to what we might reasonably expect, these subjects are handled in strict harmony with the essential principles of dramatic art.

The first aim of most of the modern German dramatists is to produce on the spectator the effect of a piece of contemporary life. He eschews everything that tends to hinder the growth

of such an illusion. The dialogue has to be before all else natural and simple, it has to suggest or recall unmistakably the everyday talk of more or less everyday people. The conversation must fit the action with the utmost closeness. Without appearance of effort it must reveal the character of the speaker. No word should be bestowed on topics not strictly relevant to the portrayal of the action or character in hand. The elaborated epigrams that do duty for dialogue in the contemporary plays of other countries, the theatrical devices of asides, long speeches and monologues, are unknown to the modern German stage. The presentment is thus made startlingly real. We forget we are watching a play, and almost seem to be witnessing an episode in the lives of some or other of our neighbors. The method has its dangers. The strict suppression of explanatory comment or ornamental surplusage of speech strains the auditor's attention, and in the hands of men of lesser talent the conversation and action lead to abruptness, incoherence, or obscurity, which cannot always be neutralized by the most powerful intellectual effort on the part of the spectator who seeks to follow intelligently the development of the drama. That a playwright who is so good a craftsman as Gerhart Hauptmann is conscious of the defects of the modern method of linguistic economy, is proved by the extreme elaborateness of the stage directions and descriptions of scenes and characters with which he intersperses the printed texts of his play. Such paraphernalia often fill two octavo pages of small print at the beginning of an act. In one of his plays ground-plans of the scene are prefixed to two of the acts. The furniture, pictures, the positions of the chairs and

¹ The large demand for these books is significant. At the end of 1900 Hauptmann's "Sunken Bell" (produced 1896) was in its forty-fourth edition, his "Weavers" (pro-

duced 1892) in its twenty-sixth. Sudermann's "John the Baptist" (produced 1898) was in its twenty-seventh, and his "Heimat" (produced 1893) in its twenty-sixth.

tables, the sites of the various doors, the places they lead into, the view from each window, are all minutely described. On the first appearance of a character the accompanying stage directions tell us his age, while such details as the colors of his hair, eyes and complexion, his stature and dress are categorically stated. It is the dramatist's object to express the inner man by the outward aspect, and to make external traits harmonize graphically with internal. The result cannot be uniformly satisfactory. Discrepancies are at times inevitable, and produce the unintended effect of caricature.

The founding of the German Empire in 1870 makes a useful starting-point for the literary movement of modern Germany, although it cannot be said that that event in itself had much effect on any branch of literature. Great as was the enthusiasm of the nation, it produced no poet, novelist, or dramatist of the highest rank. The Schiller Prize, instituted by the Prince Regent of Prussia in 1859, a triennial reward for the best play produced during that period, was not awarded at all from 1869 to 1875, and then was divided between three men, of whom only one, Adolf Wilbrandt, is generally known to-day even in his own country.

The active ruler of the German stage in the decade 1870-80 was Paul Lindau. He was the first dramatist to bring modern society on the German stage, or to endeavor to make the talk of his characters reflect with literalness the everyday conversation proceeding at the moment outside the playhouse. But his work was only to a small extent an indigenous growth. He worked after French originals, and his comedies, lacking the ease and wit of his models, have scarcely kept the stage.

But barren as that period was for German art and literature, signs were already apparent of a coming era of fertility. The operas of Wagner were

familiarizing people with unconventional manipulations of the German theatre, and the Meiningen troops of actors produced the poetical and historical plays of Ernst von Wildenbruch. Born in 1845, he early won recognition as a poet and novelist—his stories concerning children are among the best we know in any language; but it was not until 1881 that his first play "Die Karolinger" found representation on the Berlin stage after being performed the same year at Meiningen. It at once established his fame as a dramatist, and proved the advent of a poet far superior in talent to any that had appeared since 1870. But neither the "Karolinger" nor any of its successors are historical dramas in the grand style as their author intended. History is so freely dealt with that the historical atmosphere evaporates. Although he can show us the deeds of heroes, Wildenbruch cannot depict the motives of their actions. Thus while he is perhaps the greatest dramatic poet of contemporary Germany, he is not her greatest dramatist. But his burning patriotism, and his ardent desire to paint the apotheosis of the Hohenzollerns, mark a fresh departure in his art, and gave a new impulse to play-writing in Germany. The tragedy of "Harold," where the Normans and Saxons closely resemble modern French and Germans, "Der Mennonit," and "Väter und Söhne," dealing with Prussia in 1807 and 1813 respectively, gave Wildenbruch a fine opportunity to voice aloud his love of his fatherland; all three belong to the year 1882. In "Das Neue Gebot" (1886) the dramatist first tackles the material centring round King Henry IV. (1050-1106), to which he returned later in "Heinrich und Heinrichs Geschlecht" (1896). With "Quitzows," in 1888, Wildenbruch began a series of dramas (others are "Generalfeldoberst," 1889, and "Der Neue Herr," 1891) dealing with the his-

tory of Brandenburg, which were to be for the German people what Shakespeare's English history plays are for the English. But as Wildenbruch regards history solely from the Hohenzollern standpoint, as, neglecting all sense of justice, he is always on the king's side, always the upholder of the law, order, and imperialism in a degree that shall satisfy the most exacting "Junker" audience, the dramatic motive is naturally weakened. His best work in drama is to be found in "Harold" and "Väter und Söhne."

The next decade (1880-90) may perhaps be characterized as a period of storm and stress, but it differs from the years in the eighteenth century which we are accustomed to describe in those terms, in that while the earlier movement was strictly national, the later was to a large extent international. The Deutsche Theatre of Berlin was founded in 1883 under the directorship of Adolf L'Arronge, himself a dramatist, and in a way, by the kind and quality of his work, a forerunner of Sudermann. For it was L'Arronge who in his "Hasemann's Töchter" (1877) first conceived the idea of putting in juxtaposition on the stage the wealthy inhabitants of the *Vorderhaus* and the poor dwellers in the *Hinterhaus*, an idea which Sudermann took up, and crystallized for all time in "Die Ehre," eighteen years later. L'Arronge held office until 1889, when he was succeeded by Dr. Otto Brahm, the present director, author of well-known biographies of Schiller and Kleist. He had formerly been president of the "Freie Bühne," where Hauptmann's first plays were produced. It was towards the end of the decade 1880-90 that Gerhart Hauptmann and Hermann Sudermann first came into notice.

In his early work Hauptmann was feeling his way, uncertain what to do, and clearly influenced by Ibsen. But even then—and it was to become later

more sharply defined—there was a marked difference in the two dramatists' outlook on human life. Ibsen divides the world into two classes: the soaring idealists who lack clear perception of common human needs and limitations, and the people who are dull, conventional, stupid, and narrow-minded. He is unable to recognize the value of that pure goodness of heart which often outweighs highly developed intellect. Amid the gloom that mostly envelops Hauptmann's subjects and characters, his firm belief in the efficacy of purity and innocence, in the love that is stronger than death, is never absent, and he is free from the cryptic symbolism that in the later plays too frequently obscures Ibsen's meaning.

Between 1889 and the present date Hauptmann has written thirteen plays. They serve well to illustrate some of the distinguishing characteristics of the modern German drama, its remarkable variety of topic, and its desire to deal with everyday occurrences where nothing happens that is out of the ordinary. In many of the plays the characters are in a condition of things out of which they try to get. But as a rule the chains are too strong, and the attempt at salvation brings about the catastrophe. In "Before Sunrise" (1889) we have a social drama of the type of Zola's "L'Assommoir," and Ibsen's "Ghosts," a drama in which heredity and drunkenness are the main themes. In "The Coming of Peace," designated by Hauptmann himself as a domestic catastrophe, the dramatist presents the evil consequences to the children born of it, of a loveless, unsympathetic marriage. The drama entitled "Lonely Lives" (1891) is placed by the author in the hands of those who live them, and portrays how the loneliness of heart and soul, which is the lot of so many human beings, may in weak natures lead to overwhelming disaster.

The craving for sympathy in our ideals and our work is entirely human and natural, but it is surely a sign of weakness to allow our whole happiness and our conduct to be dependent on finding it. The play is a gentle satire on the clashing of the practical with the ideal, a condition under which so many lives are spent. The dramatist makes here no attempt to present heroic types of character; his personages are the men and women of our everyday acquaintance. In order to enter into the spirit of such a play it must be remembered that Englishmen will make the best of difficulties in domestic life that Germans will not endure.

After 1890 Hauptmann became surer of himself and of his powers, and began to deal with themes of larger interest than the relations between parent and child or husband and wife. In the "Weavers" (1892) we have the people for hero. It is a *Volksdrama* in the grand style, and at the time of its production in Berlin political capital was made out of it. The Emperor forbade officers of the army and all government officials to enter the doors of the Deutsche Theatre on the nights on which the "Weavers" was performed. But Hauptmann denied any political intention, and declared that he wrote the play simply because he had lived among that class of people and knew them. "My grandfather was a weaver; and I learned from my father the story of the misery that stalked through the Silesian mountains in 1844. To teach avaricious employers to deal humanely with their employees never entered my head. Any such interest which attaches to my play is secondary to the dramatic impulse under which I wrote it." There is no plot properly so called; only a series of scenes illustrating poverty and hunger. In "Florian Geyer" (1895), Hauptmann again dealt with the struggle against oppression, this time under the guise of the Peasant

War of 1525. But the play with its sixty-one speaking parts and its lack of clearness was not a success.

X In "Hannele" (1893), a most original conception, Hauptmann shows the evil effects of ignorance and superstition and brutality in the lives of the poor. The dramatist has attempted first to idealize a dying child's dream, and then to make it palpable and visible on the stage. A girl of fourteen, ill-used by her father, takes refuge in such religion as has been taught her by sisters of mercy, and mingles with it fairy tales and country superstitions, which linger in every mountain or forest village in Germany. She places her dead mother in a beautiful heaven of her own creation, and to attain herself to so blessed a spot throws herself into the village pond, is dragged out to die in the poorhouse, of a fever brought on by her own act. Hauptmann has plucked the heart out of dreams. The child's literal acceptance of the marvelous, her mingling of the personality of Jesus with her schoolmaster, the only human being whom she loved, will be recognized as perfectly comprehensible and natural by those who have thought about or much experienced dreams. The whole forms a work of art, unconventional indeed, but thoroughly consistent, natural, and original.

X The theme of "The Sunken Bell" (1896) is the difficulty of reconciling the highest aspirations of the artist with the common duties of human life. It takes the form of a fairy drama in most melodious verse and shows a fresh development in Hauptmann's genius. It possesses that artistic unity which is a testimony to the dramatist's progress in his art, and proves that the strain of idealism and romantic reverie is still living and vigorous, despite the "realism without fig-leaves" of much of the contemporary German drama. The mountain forest, with the warm, rich animation of nature, forms the

background for a hero to whom in the solitudes of the mountains come great thoughts. His chief desire is to found a new religion—that of the happiest of the world. He suffers death in the attempt to attain his ideal. The play had an enormous success, only to be compared with that of Sudermann's "Ehre," Wildenbruch's "König Heinrich," and Fulda's "Talisman."

✓ "Fuhrmann Henschel" (1898) is in many ways Hauptmann's most finished production, and the fourth act is probably the strongest piece of dramatic writing of the present era. It is a grim episode from real life, the tragedy of a broken promise where the promise-breaker goes to his doom as swiftly and surely as the hero of the old Greek drama. Henschel promises his dying wife not to marry their servant Hanne. But, coarse and brutal as she is, Hanne is not without physical attraction, and when Henschel begins to feel the need of a woman to look after his house, he makes Hanne his wife. She cared nothing at all for him, and accepted him merely to further her own illicit pleasures. She neglects her husband's interests, estranges his friends, and deceives him with the first comer. At last Henschel's eyes are opened. Hanne makes no attempt at concealment or evasion, and surveys the situation with brazen contempt. Henschel imagines himself pursued by his broken promise as by an avenging fury, and finally puts an end to his life.

In "Michael Kramer," Hauptmann again shows himself in a somewhat new light. He is here not only the keen observer of human nature, the skilful prober of the human heart, but he is the proclaimer of the higher truths concerning man's destiny. The material for the drama is poor, and the composition is full of technical faults which caused the Berlin public to give it a doubtful reception, but as lofty imaginative literature, as the heart cry

of the idealist in all ages, in all lands, the play stands far above anything Hauptmann has yet produced. Michael Kramer and his son Arnold are painters. Arnold possesses the spark of genius lacking to his father, but he is unable to overcome certain mental and physical defects, he is without strength of mind or will. This the father knows, and the main interest of the drama is furnished by his struggle against his son's weakness and depravity, a struggle only ended by Arnold's suicide. Death becomes the great mediator and reconciler, who teaches man to understand life, and the fourth act is a magnificent elegy over the dead man and his wasted existence. Some think that the play is to be regarded as a personal confession, others consider it a token of that restlessness of modern life so fatal to art. We cannot undertake to decide.

✓ "Der Rote Hahn" (1900), Hauptmann's latest play, a tragi-comedy in four acts, bears a close relation to the "Biberpelz," a thieves' comedy of a most amusing character, written in 1893. Some of the personages of the "Biberpelz" reappear in "Der Rote Hahn." We have von Wehrhahn, the deputy-commissioner (*Amtsvorsteher*), Glasenapp, his secretary, Frau Wolff, the wicked, hypocritical washerwoman, who in the interval between the two plays has lost her husband, the ship's carpenter, and has married the shoemaker and police spy, Fielitz; and Leontine, her daughter by her first husband. Both plays satirize the official who shuts his eyes to the guilt of any one who is in the pay of the police. The man who in any capacity stands within the sacred gate of "officialdom" can do no wrong. And the hero of "Der Rote Hahn," who sets fire to his own house, not only has that qualification but is also an avowed anti-socialist. The deputy-commissioner, therefore, while making a show of justice,

assists the incendiary to escape the consequences of his crime, and fastens it on a poor wretch unable to defend himself or prove his innocence. The third act, which represents the official inquiry into the causes of the fire, and in which the depravity of all the parties concerned, judges, accusers, and accused, makes the irony of the situation for the spectator, is perhaps the most amusing and dramatic. The interest is, however, too local for the play to find favor beyond Germany, and the prevalence of the Berlin dialect makes it difficult of comprehension for the uninitiated. But it forms a typical description of bureaucratic life in a small Prussian village, and the characterization and dialogue are absolutely true and natural. Both these plays of low life illustrate how widely the German dramatist of to-day spreads his net.

Hauptmann, like all great dramatists, attempts, it will be seen, no solution of the problems he sets before us. He recognizes no poetical justice, events are not nicely rounded off to suit stage or human conventions, but turn out sadly or happily as they might in real life.

Perhaps Hermann Sudermann's chief claims to greatness as a dramatist are his mastery of stage-craft and his rare insight into the characters of women. He is, too, a keen observer and possesses the sympathetic imagination that reveals to him, for instance, exactly how the mind of the small artisan works without the rose-colored spectacles of socialism, and without an undue or unnecessary depreciation of the aristocrat. The same quality is seen in his portrayal of women. The heroines of his dramas are mostly closely related; they are all at war with circumstances, they are all individualists. Lenore in "*Die Ehre*"² rebels against the false ideas of honor—the substitute for duty—current in

her parents' house and circle. Magda in "*Heimat*," the best of Sudermann's plays in point of view of dramatic power and movement, breaks through tradition and carves out for herself a great and prosperous career as a singer. Elisabeth in "*Glück im Winkel*" suffers from the misery of a loveless marriage on her side, escape from which would mean her dishonor; so in response to her husband's nobility of character, that is, as it were, only revealed to her by an accident, she submits to circumstances. "*Johannisfeuer*" (1900) presents the problem of the eternal conflict between happiness and duty. No solution is offered, but three persons will certainly be miserable; whether neglect of duty would have brought happiness to two of them no one can say. In his latest play, "*Es lebe das Leben!*" (Long live Life!), produced in February last, a woman is once more the dominating figure. Married to an insignificant personage, though a nobleman in rank, Beate has a lover, a Baron Völkerling, a friend of her husband, and a man of intelligence. When he becomes Conservative candidate for the Reichstag, a Socialist agitator publicly accuses him of his misdeeds, and the Countess, fearing his suicide, confesses her fault of fifteen years ago, at the same time making it her glory that she had only yielded to the dictates of her higher nature. But Völkerling does not share her views and determines on suicide. Beate sees that only her death, apparently from natural causes, can save him, and this she compasses, falling dead at a banquet in the act of drinking to the toast, "Long live Life!" The exposition is rather too long, but the last two acts are as excellent as anything Sudermann has written.

Ludwig Fulda possesses the gift of

² Sudermann's first play, produced in 1889 at the Lessing Theatre, Berlin, under the directorship of Dr. Oscar Blumenthal.

melodious verse, he has wit and humor, gentle satire, and the German sense of pure romance. The two plays that illustrate his best manner are "The Talisman" (1892), of which Mr. Tree presented an English version at the Haymarket in 1894, and "The Twin Sisters," produced in Berlin last year. The former, a dramatic fairy tale, based on Andersen's story of the Emperor's new clothes, is a distinct addition to European literature. The latter is the story of a Paduan lady of the time of the Renaissance, who has reason to doubt her husband's fidelity. In order to test him she personates her twin sister, and so teaches the erring husband a salutary lesson. The idea is by no means a novel one, but the play is admirably constructed, the interest grows as the action progresses, the verse is smooth, and the language full of charm.³

It would be easy to mention a dozen dramatists besides whose work calls for notice. But as the space at our command renders it impossible to treat them individually, it will be best to illustrate further from their plays the wide variety of subject that appeals to the German playwright of to-day.

A large portion of contemporary German literature concerns itself with the so-called "woman question." Women authors write pamphlets, or novels and plays, which are at bottom treatises on the relations of the sexes, and on the position of women in modern society, and men writers draw portraits of modern women that are sometimes satirical, sometimes sympathetic. The note of Hartleben's comedies, "Hanna Jagert" and "Erziehung zur Ehe," for instance, is "Despise Women," while Georg Hirschfeld, a disciple of Hauptmann, in his plays "Mütter" and "Agnes Jordan," represents women who are strong and wise in adverse circum-

stances, mothers who are capable of every sacrifice for the sake of their children, and who find happiness in such sacrifice. The type of course is not new, but the setting is. But sometimes the self-reliant, independent woman, who thinks for herself and cultivates her mind, is mercilessly caricatured, or represented as hard, unlovely, even bad. Fulda in "Kameraden" draws an unpleasing picture of such a woman, although it must be confessed that the satire is delicate and fine, and the situations humorous. Hella, in Max Halbe's "Mutter-Erde," is a well-drawn, consistent figure, but though clever and intelligent, she cultivates her reason at the expense of her emotions and her senses, and thus produces an unnatural and disagreeable effect. In "Die Heimatlosen" (1899) Halbe brings out the pathetic side of the life of the woman of mediocre talent who is forced to earn a living, and the evil influence of independence, acquired as it were by force, on weaker natures.

It is not often that women achieve success in what is perhaps the most difficult form of literature—the drama, but that they have done so in Germany is indisputable. The best of the plays produced by Clara Viebig, the novelist, is "Barbara Holzer" (1897), a veritable *Volksstück* in which the characters are all drawn from the people. In plot and dialogue it is enormously powerful work. The central figure, a servant girl, strong of body and of will, passionate for love and hate, who for the sake of her child murders her faithless lover, stands out clear cut and convincing. The heroine of Anna Croissant-Rust's play, "Bua," is a notable figure. She is a childless peasant woman who adopts a boy. The lad turns out ungrateful, and ill-treats and despises his foster-mother. She forgives him in her

scarcely reproduces the literary charm of the original verse.

³ An English version, by Mr. Louis N. Parker, was lately performed at the Duke of York's Theatre in London, but the translation

great mother-love, but is in the end murdered by him. And in dying, to save him, she denies his crime. The heroine of "*Der Standhafte Zinnsoldat*" is a young poetess who marries a man threatened with permanent blindness. When the worst happens she finds herself unable to keep her promise to go with her husband into everlasting darkness, and leaves him to travel there alone. She had discovered her artistic gift, and the love of life and light is strong within her. Perhaps the most characteristic piece of work in drama done by a woman is Ernst Rosmer's "*Dämmerung*" (1893). The authoress is best known in this country as the composer of the libretto for her brother's operas "*Hansel and Gretel*," and "*The Children of the King*." The play, extraordinarily simple, is something on the lines of Ibsen's work. The scene is the same through all the five acts, and there are only four characters of importance. Of these the most striking and interesting is Sabine, the woman doctor. In her we have so far the only instance on the stage of the educated, trained woman, the successful hard-worker in her profession, represented as a character of ordinary life, for the play is without tendency or purpose. Lisbeth Weigel, the woman doctor, in Max Dreyer's comedy, "*In Behandlung*," only succeeds in overcoming prejudice and obtaining a practice by forming a platonic marriage with a man doctor; while she stands alone she is persecuted on all sides and fails. But Sabine stands alone and succeeds. Everything she says and does is calculated to heighten her character in the eyes of the spectators. She was at the commencement poor, so poor, that besides bread she had little to eat. When Isolde, her girl patient, asks, "What did you do then? You wept, I suppose," and Sabine answers, "No, I worked," Isolde looks at her as at some wild animal. Although Sabine

is twenty-eight, she shows no perturbation at being still single. Isolde concludes that she must be the victim of an unhappy love affair. But Sabine assures her that such is not the case: "when you have to work as hard as I do, you've no time for unhappy love affairs." Isolde's father, Ritter, a widower, falls in love with Sabine, and wishes to make her his wife. Isolde's jealousy is, however, so great, that the lovers feel there is nothing for it but to part, and they make the great renunciation. The character of Ritter is well drawn and forms the complement to that of Sabine. Constant attendance in his daughter's sick-room has compelled him to put aside his own wishes and desires, just as Sabine's hard work and poverty have compelled her to forget herself and the needs of her own heart.

It is worthy of remark that the woman who makes her own career is practically ignored as material by English dramatists and novelists. We can point to no such figure of any distinction in our novels and plays. In France the novelists at least recognize the capabilities of such characters. The heroine of J. H. Rosny's "*L'Indomptée*," for instance, is a woman doctor, a fine character, finely drawn. She is represented as a woman of noble aims, using her knowledge for good, preserving her womanliness amid the unpleasant scenes to which duty calls her, her acquaintance with evil helping to keep her from harm. She is strong, but possesses at the same time the hopes and aspirations of every true woman towards love, marriage, and motherhood. It is a most dignified picture of the professional woman, full of enthusiasm for her calling, and the only one we can call to mind in imaginative literature worthy of a place beside Ernst Rosmer's Sabine.

At first sight educational methods and school life scarcely seem likely

X subjects on which to base a successful play. But Max Dreyer's "Probekandidat" (1900) proves that it is not the material that is important, but the manner in which it is treated. In modern times intolerance makes itself felt in ways unknown to former ages, and it must be said in ways that are fully as cruel and as destructive of progress as those of a former day. In Dreyer's play Fritz Heilmann, a young and enthusiastic schoolmaster on his probation in a Realschule, is as much a veritable martyr to his belief. In the natural science lessons Heilmann says things that do not correspond with the divinity lessons. This comes to the ears of the principal and the committee, and alarmed for orthodoxy, they call on the young man to recant in the presence of his class, or to resign his post and with it, of course, all chance of promotion in his profession. Urged by his family, who are more or less dependent on him, by his fiancée, a girl absolutely unable to understand him, by his colleagues, who, while they sympathize with his ideas, take the practical view of the situation, he decides for recantation. But at the crucial moment he finds it impossible not to be true to himself.

Wer die Wahrheit kennet und sagt die
nicht,
Der ist fürwahr ein erbärmlicher
Wicht.

The grief of his pupils at losing him brings him perhaps some small consolation, but he has to seek another love, and a land where toleration is a reality and not a fiction.

X Likewise, military life finds its dramatic exponents. "Rosenmontag," by Otto Erich Hartleben, is an excellent play of its kind. It is well built up, and the various elements, tender and comic, pathetic and ironical, passionate and witty, are admirably contrasted. Perhaps the officers' comedy—that is

the humorous barrack scenes—give more satisfaction than the officers' tragedy (as the play is described) though the relations between the unfortunate lovers are portrayed with tender pathos. To the horror of his nobly-born comrades Hans Rudorff, a young lieutenant, falls seriously in love with Gertrud Reimann, the daughter of a respectable artisan. By a trick Hans is made to believe that Gertrud is untrue to him; he breaks with her, and after a bad illness becomes engaged to a girl of his own rank. Then his friends reveal the plot, and the tragedy lies in the fact that Hans has given his word of honor to his colonel never again to have anything to do with Gertrud. Knowing her to be pure and true, Hans cannot give her up. According to his code there is nothing left but suicide, a fate Gertrud elects to share with him. We do not claim it as a great play, but it is highly dramatic, brilliant in the details, and very characteristic of German military life.

Notwithstanding the array of native talent, the German theatre offers a warm welcome to foreigners. The latest plays—capitally translated into German—of Ibsen, Björnson, Tolstoy, Rostand, Donnay, Hervieu, Pinero, Heyermans, are found in the repertory of most of the leading playhouses, while on an average nearly three Shakespearean representations a day are given in the German-speaking districts of Europe. Neither are the German classics neglected. The casual visitor, spending a week in Berlin, could if he wished see in that time plays by Schiller, Goethe, Kleist, Grillparzer, Kotzebue, and Freytag.

A recent critic has proclaimed that analysis of motive, not ideal representation of action, is the first principle of contemporary dramatic composition, and for this reason: as civilization progresses and the idea of liberty obtains, a self-consciousness is developed in the

individual which is antagonistic to the universal, that is, to art, the best art being a fusion of the universal and the individual. In accordance with that dictum, we have to admit that there is nothing in the German drama of to-day that reaches the high-water mark of great literature. But there is in all the work we have attempted to describe a very real striving towards the highest. "We are nothing, what we desire to be is everything," wrote Hölderlin. The German playwright does not, it is evident, pander to the taste or the want of taste of an ignorant public who, according to Mr. Bernard Shaw, are "without power of attention, without interests, without sympathy, in short,

The Cornhill Magazine.

without brains or heart." Perhaps the distinguishing feature of contemporary German drama is that welded with its solid realism, and its clever analysis of motive, is a sense of the ideal, of the romantic, that is peculiarly an attribute of the German temperament. Not the hardest and most prosaic facts of every-day life, not all the misery of all the world can crush the romance that lurks in every German heart. It may be that the spirit of lyrical poetry, now said to be dead in Germany, has passed into the newer forms of novel and play, and in so doing justifies the German custom of calling novelists and dramatists, as well as poets, by the common term of *Dichter*.

Elizabeth Lee.

HER BROTHER'S KEEPER.

He could not raise his hand to kill,
God sent her hand, to hold it;
He could not work his maddened will,
Because her will controlled it.
She tamed the tiger, charmed the
snake,
And soothed the savage human;
Then—cried, as if her heart would
break,
A tired little woman.

A small woman in a badly-cut khaki habit rode slowly along a path which, although it was the main thoroughfare between two fairly large villages, was almost overgrown by tufts of tall jungle-grass. She was no longer young, and the bright coloring of hair and skin that was once hers had been dulled by nearly twenty years spent in India. The pitiless climate—kinder to her, however, than to many Englishwomen—had taken toll of her beauty without wrecking her health; for, though the face under the faded hair was very thin and yellow, the slight

figure swaying easily in the saddle was erect and strong. Her Arab chose his own pace and she made no attempt to hasten his slow steps. The dak bungalow where she intended to spend the night was but a mile away, and since her husband had been detained on his inspection tour, no one was waiting for her there.

A note telling her of the unexpected delay had reached her that morning, advising her to postpone her jungle trip until the following day; but Mrs. Addison had made her arrangements for departure, and a great weariness of her own whitewashed house had seized her. Her home letters had been disquieting lately: the boy at Woolwich had developed an unexpected delicacy of the lungs, and her youngest son, with a boy's indifference to the value of time, was playing at athletics instead of working for Sandhurst. There was nothing in the small dull station, nothing in the monotonous evenings

passed so slowly in the dreary precincts of the "Amusement Club," to amuse or distract an anxious mind, and ten days in camp, even with a husband who was habitually overworked and frequently worried, appeared to her as a change that might bring rest and healing.

A familiar figure, running as swiftly as clumsy shoes would allow, emerged at a turn of the road; Guj Raj Singh, one of Mr. Addison's *chaprassies* and messengers, whose name being translated meant "Elephant King Lion."

"Stop, mem sahib," he panted, "there is a mad sahib in the bungalow who is shooting with a gun, and your honor must wait till he is caught."

"A mad sahib? Where has he come from?"

"The bungalow *khansamah* has no news, Huzoor. The sahib arrived yesterday, very angry, without servants and with but three coolies bringing boxes. They told the *khansamah* that they had found the sahib in the jungle alone, and he had beaten them with sticks and obliged them to carry his *ashab*. They saw no tents. Last night the sahib was full of anger for no reason, and to-day he is mad and has a gun."

"It must be some poor fellow with sunstroke," said Mary Addison to herself.

"He will soon be caught, however," said Guj Raj cheerfully, "many men from the village are there with heavy sticks. If the honored one will wait a little—"

"I am going on; follow me," said Mrs. Addison.

Three minutes' quick canter brought her in sight of the bungalow, a one-storeyed building of three rooms, opening upon a narrow verandah. A swelling seething crowd of men armed with metal-bound staves swayed and shifted near, and a little rabble of women and children watched from a safe distance.

As she drew rein, a reed blind that hung before the centre door moved slightly, there was a puff of smoke, the sharp ping of a rifle, and a bullet found a harmless billet in a green turban, two inches above the wearer's head.

"Strike," yelled the crowd. "Seize and strike!" and it seemed to the white woman that race hatred mingled with the fear and anger in their voices. No one had dared to approach the man behind the blind as yet; but when they did, the six-foot brass-bound *latties* were terrible weapons, that could deal the death of a dog.

One of Mrs. Addison's own servants ran to her.

"The sahib is mad," he shouted; "go back!"

"*Choop*," she answered, and the emphatic word seemed to enforce the silence it commanded. "Send these people away at once. Tell them to go quietly to their houses. The sahib is my brother."

She dismounted and walked to the reed blind as resolutely as though no possibility of death in a hideous form lurked behind it. The man was absolutely unknown to her, but the race feeling was strong in her heart. An Englishman in an alien land needed help, and she, as an Englishwoman, must save him from himself if necessary. She noticed how the smell of gunpowder hung in the air.

The man behind the blind was quite young, and very tall and strongly built; his face was strangely red, almost congested, and his fair hair was very dull and untidy. As she entered he instinctively raised his hand to his bare head as though to take off a hat, and the little gesture relieved her of the worst of her fears.

"How do you do?" she said pleasantly, and he shifted his rifle to take her proffered hand. "I'm Mrs. Addison. Perhaps you have met my husband out in the district; he has been

prevented from meeting me here, but he will come to-morrow, I hope."

"I'll take care of you," he cried in a peculiarly high hard voice. "I'll shoot some of those devils outside. You watch."

She stepped between him and the door, laughing lightly. "Oh, you mustn't do that," she said. "Why, some of my servants are there, and if you frighten them away we shall get no dinner. May I look at your rifle? It seems a great beauty. I wonder if it is as heavy as my husband's. I can shoot rather well with his." She took it from his unresisting hand, and stepping outside fired into the air. "There, I've missed that crow, and I've hurt my shoulder dreadfully," she cried laughing, as she leant the empty rifle against the verandah wall with a quick gesture to Guj Raj, and went back into the room. It needed a good deal of courage to go in the second time, though nothing in her manner betrayed the effort.

"I'm quite tired," she said, "and longing for tea, though I haven't had a long ride—only from Pultonpore. When did you come here?"

He bent over her, after elaborate precautions against being overheard, and whispered, "I have been in hell for ages and ages. This is hell—didn't you know?"

She took his hot dirty hand and laid her fingers on the wrist. "I am afraid you have fever," she said; "sit down here with your back to the light and tell me how you feel—you look as if you had been sleeping badly."

His rifle was still leaning against the wall. Why was Guj Raj so slow?

"I can't remember when I slept last," he said simply.

The rifle was gone now and she spoke more cheerfully. "You must let my husband prescribe for you to-morrow; he is not a doctor, but he is nearly as good as one."

"Is he of good family? I am of *very* ancient birth and high lineage; we *can* trace descent in a direct unbroken line from Guy, Earl of Warwick. You have heard, of course, of the Dun Cow, and the Dunmow Flitch?"

Mrs. Addison assented enthusiastically, and he went on:

"I could draw you up a genealogical tree in a moment, if I had pen and paper, that would make the whole matter clear to you."

"Please do. I shall be deeply interested."

The contents of a portmanteau seemed to have been emptied out on the table; he dug like a terrier among the confusion till he found a writing-case.

"This will be a truly beautiful family tree," he said.

"I am so glad," said Mrs. Addison, locking his gun-case and pocketing the key. She hummed a waltz tune to cover the sound of her movements as she rummaged for his razors in an open bag. There were seven of them in a neat case. What other weapons was he likely to possess, she wondered, glancing at the absorbed figure. There was bound to be a revolver somewhere; she cautiously moved a rug and pillow that were flung slantwise on the bare bedstead, and found what she sought.

"What are you doing?" he asked suddenly and roughly.

"Only tidying the room a little," she answered, tossing an end of the blanket over the revolver. "You don't like it as untidy as this, I'm sure."

"No, I hate it; but these devils are not to come in and pry about, mind that."

"Of course they sha'n't. I'll do it myself."

"Let me help you," he said, an instinct of politeness coming pathetically to the surface of his seething mind.

"Oh, no; you must go on with the

tree. I sha'n't understand about your family else."

He bent obediently over the table, and hiding the revolver with the razors under the fold of her skirt, she went out quickly to lock up the dangers in her own box. Coming back, she stole away a heavy stick, and now there only remained the large hunting-knife that lay on the table near his hand.

"How is the tree getting on?" she asked, looking over his shoulder at a piece of paper that displayed pitiful scrawlings in red and blue pencil, like the scribblings of a little child.

"It won't come right; my head hurts so all over the top."

She passed a cool hand over his burning brow and eyes, and at the same moment caught up the hunting-knife and hid it behind her.

"Yes, your forehead is dreadfully hot. Aren't you thirsty?"

"No; only in the top of my head."

"I'll tell them to get us some tea," she said.

This was her excuse for hiding the knife, and when she returned her feeling of relief was so great that she was almost light-hearted. She had learnt from the gun-case that his name was Sydney Warwick, and that he belonged to an English regiment, but the problem of his presence there, and the mystery of his madness, were still unsolved by her. Had the insanity been caused by sunstroke, or excesses, or anxiety, or was it a sheer hereditary curse? She had no means of judging.

After tea he talked a great deal, always in a high hard voice, and it was difficult for her to tell in his fluent rambling sentences where sanity ceased and madness began. He was very boastful and argumentative, and a little disposed to be quarrelsome if she did not instantly agree with his wildest statements. It seemed to her that he talked as a fever patient thinks, with no power to fix the mind upon one

subject, and with no possible connection of ideas between the topics. Two or three times he told her stories of the kind that no gentleman should tell to a lady: scum that floated on the whirling torrent of his poor mind, and she, understanding, smiled patiently.

It was useless to question him. She made one very ordinary inquiry as to his recent movements, and he glared angrily at her, growling, "I warn you not to go too far!" A moment later he unearthed a packet of letters from the confused mound on the table and insisted that she should read them. Most of them were from his mother—loving letters full of the details of a narrow life in a far-away cathedral city, and telling her little, save that the red-faced wild-looking man with the suffused eyes, who sat rocking his body restlessly to and fro, was a dearly loved and only son, the child of many prayers.

"Sydney," said Mrs. Addison quietly, purposely using his Christian name, "I think your mother would wish you to see a doctor, if she were here."

The restless rocking ceased for a moment, and the fierce red face grew gentler.

"The poor old mum worries awfully if there's the least thing wrong with me," he said.

"I know she does; so for her sake you ought to write to Dr. Bailey—he's the doctor at Pultonpore, only twelve miles from here—and ask him to ride out and see you to-morrow morning. I'm sure he would if you told him that going out in the sun would be too much for you."

"Very well; I daresay the mum would like it." And taking a red pencil, he began his note on a sheet of foolscap.

"Had I better draw our coat of arms at the top?" he asked.

"No; I shouldn't wait for that. It's getting late, and we ought to send the letter without delay," said Mary Addi-

son, who was writing a note to accompany the foolscap sheet.

"Is this all right?" he asked presently.

It was sadly right, in that it faithfully showed the turmoil in his poor brain; and Mrs. Addison knew that the doctor who was to receive it would set all possible difficulties aside to come to his help—his help and hers. Meanwhile she was sure the madman's great need was sleep.

"I know what will be the best thing for you to do," she said; "after dinner let me give you some sulphonal. I often take it, and it will make you sleep well all night."

"I'm not going to swallow any of your poison!" he shouted.

"Sydney, you forget yourself; that is not the way to speak to me."

"I didn't mean to," he stammered; "but you can see for yourself the danger I am in. I dare not go to sleep; these black brutes will come and kill me if I do."

"When did you first begin to think that of them?"

"I don't know. Of course they are bound to kill me in the end—there are so many of them; but I won't let my life go cheap. Where's my rifle?"

"I took it away to clean it—you shall have it after dinner, if you like. Please sit down, Sydney; it makes me nervous to see you pacing up and down the room."

"I'm a restless sort of chap, I know," he said meekly; "the mum is always telling me so."

"Try and keep still for ten minutes, then," said Mrs. Addison, laughing, as she went into the verandah to give orders for the despatch of the note. The servants were busy preparing dinner, and the crowd had dispersed long ago, in a calm belief that the mem sahib would prevent the mad sahib from doing any harm.

Guj Raj shuffled up to her, a light of

unwonted intelligence on his honest stupid face, and a piece of rope in his hand.

"Since the sahib has neither guns nor knives now," he said eagerly, "four men by entering quickly could tie up his hands and feet without hurt."

"Go away, and try not to be a fool," said Mrs. Addison. "The sahib will eat dinner with me," she went on, turning to her table servant, "and the medicine in this paper, which looks like salt, must be put into the soup that you give to me—to me, you understand. If you forget to do this the sahib will certainly kill me, and then will probably kill some of you; so be careful not to forget. Bring dinner quickly."

The table was laid in the third room of the bungalow, and made pretty with roses brought from Mrs. Addison's own garden in Pultonpore—a detail arranged by the *khitmatghar* as a matter of course.

"Now remember, Sydney," said Mrs. Addison, as she led him in, "you mustn't frighten my servants, they are very good men."

He looked suspiciously at his soup without tasting it.

"This isn't the same as yours," he said.

"Oh, yes, it is," said Mary Addison, making sure with the bowl of a spoon that the sulphonal was completely melted; "but we'll change plates if you like; I do not mind at all."

The transfer was made to his evident relief, and he drank the soup. During the whole dinner, the six courses insisted on by the *khansamah* as essential to the dignity of the ruling race, this exchange of plates was solemnly gone through.

"The poison they have prepared for me is not likely to injure you," he said each time, in a kind of pitiful apology.

After dinner he grew at first noisy and then deeply depressed—the effect of the sulphonal, she supposed, for the

dose she had given him had been a strong one.

"I wish I dared go to sleep," he said.

"Why not? I'll watch and see that no one comes near you. I'm a very good nurse, and think nothing of sitting up all night," she answered, in a very matter of fact voice.

She persuaded him at last, after much argument, to lie down; and, wrapping herself in a fur cloak, sat near him till his babbling voice ceased and his regular breathing told of sleep. The night was cold, with the coldness of northern Indian winter; but she had been afraid to have a fire lighted, lest the sight of it should suggest to his madness a new and horrible form of destruction. A lantern burning in a corner dimly lighted his flushed face, which had a touching air of youth and helplessness. At first he slept uneasily, and she unlaced and took off his heavy boots, and loosened his coat at the throat, with gentle motherly fingers. He looked up, indistinctly murmuring a sentence that ended in a coarse word; but she whispered "Hush! Sydney, don't talk"; and he nestled down on his pillow like a tired child, saying, "I'm so sleepy."

Mrs. Addison did not care to read, and the young face on the pillow, seeming in that dim light far younger than it really was, carried her thoughts back to the days when her sons had been children within the reach of her love: before the inevitable separation of Indian life had done its cruel work. Her babies—her little boys—were now her big sons, and divided from her by more than mere thousands of miles of land and sea. Her face, her ways, her very love for them had grown unfamiliar to them, and they had received her with more criticism than tenderness when she had last "gone home." And yet her heart yearned over all three—Roger, the Woolwich cadet; Ted, at Halleybury; and little Dick, her baby of a few

years ago, who now loved his aunt so dearly and cared for his mother so little. Would they ever seem like her own again, or had her love and pain been wasted, thwarted and set at naught by the dividing power of distance and time?

The sleeping boy—she no longer thought of him as a man—moaned and started, and she smoothed his hair, murmuring, "Hush, dear; hush. It's all right, I'm here. Go to sleep again," in a voice that had power to soothe him, because it was a mother's. Presently his breathing was echoed by a slow snore from the verandah, and she looked out. It was Guj Raj, the unappreciated, who had brought his blanket, unasked, and lay stretched across the doorway. Mary Addison had not thought of taking the precaution of keeping a servant within call, and the unexpected thoughtfulness touched her.

A sudden exaltation of spirit came to her through the night stillness, bracing her tired body for fresh exertions. There was no wrecked or wasted feeling; the might of her love, which could make no manifestation to her own sons, was being utilized to help another woman's son, the unfortunate boy she had found distracted and alone. She had been able to prevent him from committing sheer mad murder, and it might yet be within her power to save the overthrow of a tottering reason. Her plain weary face seemed transfigured by an illuminating purpose as she performed the homely action of lighting a spirit lamp and heating some milk, for she knew that he might wake soon.

He woke presently, with a cry, his eyes full of wild terror, and he struck at her when she tried to reassure him. For weeks after her breast showed the black mark of his blow, and at the moment acute physical pain turned her faint and sick; then the weakness

passed and he was a child again, a big unhappy child, to be coaxed and comforted. Slowly, very slowly, his dark mood changed, he forgot the horror of his dream, was interested in the hot milk given him to drink, and made drowsy by her steady flow of talk in a gentle monotonous voice.

"I like to hear your voice, it keeps dreadful things at bay," he said, and as she sat near him dipping handkerchiefs in water to cool his hot forehead, she found herself singing the hymn that had been her children's lullaby, and repeating again and again what little Dick called "the comfy verse":

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest—
No powers of darkness me molest.

How long the dawn was in coming; each time that she looked towards the door she saw the same hopeless darkness. She could have prayed at last for a gleam of the sunrise that should usher in a better day. Surely he was sleeping more peacefully, and his forehead seemed cooler. Was the victory not to be with the powers of darkness after all?

Very slowly a gray light glimmered behind the reed blind, and the crows began to wake. Warwick was still sleeping, and as the light grew stronger she arranged a shawl on a chair to shield his eyes.

Presently there was a sound of arrival outside, and an English voice asking for the *mem sahib*, and she hurried out to meet the doctor.

"Are you all right, Mrs. Addison? How have you managed?" he asked quickly. "You must have had an awful night. I only got your letter at dawn, and came at once. What have you done with him, where is he? That was the letter of an absolute madman."

"He is asleep still," said Mary Addison, quietly, "he has slept a great part of the night," and she briefly described what had happened. Her face looked very gray and small in the dawn light.

"Have some *chota hazeri* and then lie down and get a sleep," said the kind little man, whose full title was Surgeon-Lieutenant-Colonel, but who refused to answer to anything longer or more stately than "Doctor." "You've done wonders, and I'll look after him now. I've got a couple of *Tommies* coming in case he needs a guard, as he hates natives, but I hope they won't be wanted."

"Let me come and tell him who you are—you might startle him."

"Drink your tea and lie down, while I look after my patient," and then she realized for the first time how tired she was.

Three hours later she was arranging the roses on the breakfast table, a little weary eyed, but fresh and alert again, and listening eagerly for voices from the next room.

"Ah, rested? That's right," said Dr. Bailey, entering briskly. "Warwick will be here in a minute, and after breakfast he is coming back with me."

Mary Addison's eyes asked a question that her tongue hesitated to phrase.

"Yes, I think one may hope he will be himself again before long; but he may call it either good luck, or God's mercy, according to his turn of mind, that you came when you did. He's an excitable fellow, and he's got into money troubles, I gather—and I don't mind telling you, his reason was simply hanging in the balance yesterday. He *was* insane to all intents and purposes, and if it had come to a struggle, if one of these natives had tried to overpower him, he would have gone mad: raging, raving mad."

"Oh, poor boy; will he really recover?"

"I hope so, in time and with care; that sleep he got last night was the best thing possible." He laughed suddenly. "It's funny to look at the size of your hands Mrs. Addison, and think that you have prevented a man from committing two or three murders!"

"He was quite gentle with me."

"Yes, I know that sort of gentleness, and the watching and managing it

Longman's Magazine.

needs; and you're a plucky woman, a very plucky woman."

"No I'm not, not a bit," said Mary Addison; "but it might have been one of my own boys !!! and in trouble, with no one to look after him. Fancy if Roger, or Ted, or my little Dick——"

Her voice broke and she hid her face. "There's nothing to cry for now," said the doctor.

"That's why I let myself do it," said Mary Addison, through her tears.

Alice Fleming.

A RUSSIAN RELIGIOUS REFORMER.

A star-studded dome of blue or green surmounted by a cross of gleaming gold towering high above a straggling street of squalid cabins—easily mistaken at a distance for natural excrescences in a vast plain steeped in sombre hues—is at once the type of the average Russian village and the symbol of the place occupied by the Church, or rather by religious sentiment, among the forces which mould the great North Slavonic race. Long processions of pious pilgrims, with scrips and staves, reciting monotonous prayers or uttering fervent ejaculations, cross and recross thousands of miles of this sad sullen country, passing from shrine to shrine, desecrating as they go the finger of God in every gust of wind, in every twinge of pain, admiring awful miracles where others see the operation of natural laws, and communing with angels or confronting devils who move hither and thither as they list, helping or harming the creatures of God. For the masses of the people—meek, melancholy and resigned—are still in the stage of theocracy, and naively translate patriotism, progress and such modern ideas as reach them into their religious equivalents.

The powerful solvent, scepticism, which has undermined or set free so much of good and evil in the societies of Western Europe and even in the upper social strata of Russia itself, will not for generations to come have filtered down into the nether strata of Muscovy. Indeed, for a parallel to the religious Russia of to-day one must look back to the times of the great cathedral builders of England, France and Germany, and in some cases even to the Hebrew community to which the Prophet Amos preached in vain.

Religion is the centre round which everything in Russia revolves. Art, literature, socialism, politics, all feel its attractive force, and even movements which are ostensibly directed against the supernatural itself adopt its methods, borrow its ideals, and cultivate its virtues. The very Nihilists are but religious fanatics with their ideas and sentiments in disarray, and the source whence they draw a degree of selflessness and fortitude which belongs to earlier ages of Christianity is precisely that religious faith in a latent state which they are so eager to stifle in its more active forms. The heroism, which marked their activity, is in truth

no rare phenomenon in contemporary Russia: men there are willing, some indeed eager, to die for their beliefs, and the authorities refusing them a martyr's crown, they often seek and find it, like many over-zealous Christians of bygone times, in self-inflicted suffering and thinly disguised suicide.

No soil could, therefore, be more favorable than this to the growth of the religious reformer, and if the lives of those extraordinary apostles were written who have lived and died for Christ since the days of the Archpriest Avvakoom, a truly interesting chapter would be added to the history of religion and of Russia.

One of the most ideal, influential and sympathetic of these men has just passed away in the person of Colonel Paschkoff, whose name was at one time well known to, and whose work has ever been highly appreciated by, religious circles in this country. A member of the highest aristocracy of the empire, related by blood and marriage to several of the Czar's chief Ministers, himself a colonel of the Imperial Guards, and personally known to Alexander II., he led for years a life of refined pleasure, wherein the æsthetic and intellectual elements largely predominated, as is so often the case in Russian society at its best. From a worldly point of view, perhaps, no kind of life has more serious claims to be regarded as complete than this which consists in whetting and refining one's powers of reception, one's taste for the delicate beauties of poetry, painting, sculpture and music, yet without allowing that inborn sense of happiness to be dulled which feeds upon acts shaped in accordance with our highest moral ideals. For people of that fineness of temper seldom let the influence of the dim future emanating from behind the veil of the present wholly die. In some subtle way religion still ministers to their pleasures, whispering

promises of an everlasting continuance of sublime joys which they paint in colors borrowed from the world they know and love. It was thus in a round of brilliant balls, court functions, military pageants, hunting expeditions, and flying visits to his vast estates scattered over the length and breadth of the empire, that the years of Colonel Paschkoff's life were taking wing, hurrying him on to the point where the rank of General, the post of Member of the Imperial Council and possibly the portfolio of Minister had his aspirations taken that direction, might add zest to his enjoyment or give enlarged scope to his untested powers of administration, when a seemingly uninteresting incident changed his ideals and with them the whole course of his existence.

No one doubted that in due time Colonel Paschkoff, who was one of the most accomplished men in Russian society, and known for the generosity of his character as well as the brilliancy of his parts, would be called upon to occupy a post of trust and responsibility in the government of the empire, if he had not himself resolved to keep free from the cares of office. Certainly the prize lay within his grasp, but his lack of ambition in those swift-winged days of pleasant impressions, and partly, too, his strong sense of responsibility, kept him still in the smooth groove in which he had been moving so long. One day he was invited by a friend to go and listen for an hour to an English lord—an eccentric Briton they called him—who had travelled to St. Petersburg to preach Christ's Gospel to the Russian aristocracy. The preacher was Lord Radstock. What he had to say was as old as Christianity itself, the French in which he delivered his message was lacking in elegance, at times even in grammar, but the earnestness of his manner more than made up for any defects of lan-

guage. Some of his hearers were amused, others transiently interested, a few were deeply touched. Colonel Paschkoff, who spoke English like an Englishman, entered into conversation with the "Lord Apostle," as he was facetiously termed, and the truths of the Gospel flashed upon him with the freshness of a new revelation. He went away asking himself, What shall it profit a man though he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

Having once realized the new significance of the teaching of the old Galilean fishermen, Colonel Paschkoff, with whom living and believing were one, re-adjusted his life to the faith he had received. Having already resigned his position in the Guards, he henceforth denied himself every kind of luxury, gave his substance to feed the poor, his right hand seldom knowing what his left was doing, and, throwing open his sumptuous palace on the blue Neva, he invited the classes and the masses to come and hear the Gospel of Jesus. The Russian capital seethed with excitement at the news; students, priests, droschky drivers, beggars, and princes flocked to hear the new preacher. Several members of the highest aristocracy, including Countess Shuvaloff, Princess Gagarin, and the Minister of Ways and Communications, Count Bobrinsky, were won over to primitive Christianity. Meetings were held in palaces and in hovels, tea rooms were open for the needy, refuges for the homeless, and tens of thousands of tracts and New Testaments were printed by Colonel Paschkoff, and distributed by members of the community. In a comparatively short time the movement had spread to the arctic north, the sunny south, to Poland and Lithuania in the west, and to the Persian frontiers and Siberia in the east, working wonders everywhere.

The peasant, listless, lazy, lying, and greedy (as Maxim Gorky has por-

trayed him), became zealous, painstaking, truthful, and unselfish; Poles, Russians, and Germans, Greek Churchmen, Roman Catholics, and Lutherans felt drawn together by a bond of brotherhood stronger than that of nature, and all Russia seemed springing up into new life.

No distinction was made between Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, Russian, Pole, or German. All were asked to believe, to realize, that Christ was God, and had redeemed mankind by His death on the cross; dogmas, liturgies, services, and discipline being all left to find their own level. No one was required formally to leave his Church. Parallel with this religious revival ran an educational movement which bade fair to awaken the people from the slumber of centuries. Ladies of the aristocracy opened private schools, and taught the peasants to read, that they might themselves extract comfort from the teachings of the New Testament. Colonel Paschkoff travelled through the towns and hamlets of Russia, sleeping in the smoky huts of the peasants, consoling them in their troubles, and relieving their distress. He did not, as others had done, divest himself of his property with a flourish of trumpets, and make it over to his relations, bettering no man by the transaction. But he spent it, most generously, on the poor and suffering, with a secrecy and tact to which I have never seen a parallel. Students who had been starving on black bread and weak tea were enabled to finish their studies; families about to disperse for lack of subsistence were kept together by relief from an unseen source; the sick were cared for by his physicians or sent to the hospitals at his expense; and wherever he appeared his presence was welcomed as that of a savior. In a few years he thus spent a large fortune in works of Christian charity.

His influence over men of the most opposite temperaments and ideas was astounding. Professors, physicians, princes and peasants, some of them come to amuse themselves at his expense, heard him, believed, and threw themselves heartily into the movement. I remember one student in particular who invited me to come and see the "leader of the new fashion." "Dostoieffsky is my prophet," he added, "and I have no intention of setting up an aristocrat in his place. But I should like to see the sort of man Paschkoff is, and the types of people who follow him: they must be a choice lot." He went and returned again, and when I last saw him he had substituted, not indeed Colonel Paschkoff, but the New Testament which the latter had given him, for the ethical teachings of Dostoieffsky. On another occasion a Russian priest was tempted to go to hear him in order to obtain some local color for his diatribes against "the impertinent layman who will neither enter the Church nor behave as a layman." He too came away a changed man. He did not, it is true, identify himself with the revival, but he confided to me that "Paschkoff was doing excellent work, and doing it better than many of ourselves."

To the prisons he was a constant visitor, special facilities being accorded him by the Government, and there are many men and women now leading exemplary lives throughout the empire whom his word and example there reclaimed from a career of vice and misery. One day, I remember, some one told him that a promising young man had been arrested for no reason that could be ascertained, possibly in error, and removed to Siberia. "Surely he was guilty of some crime or offence," objected the Colonel. "No, nothing whatever," was the reply. "Well, if that be true, I will see that justice be done him." "Oh, he is too

far away now," exclaimed the prisoner's friend. "No matter where he is, I will have the matter inquired into, and if it be as you say, he shall be set at liberty." The youth was in truth over 2000 versts distant from the capital, on his way to Siberia, but Colonel Paschkoff had an interview with the Minister of the Interior next day, and fulfilled his promise to the letter.

The impulse thus given by Colonel Paschkoff seemed destined to react upon all society, quickening the peasantry especially into new life, spiritual and intellectual. Writers and journalists gave it as their opinion that the movement which had been set going carried within it the germs of social as well of ethical regeneration, and many prophesied that the awakening of the people would be effected through this channel. Those who deemed it desirable that there should be no awakening as yet, called the Czar's attention to Colonel Paschkoff's activity, and suggested the desirability of putting a stop to it without delay. But Alexander II., well knowing that he had no more loyal subjects than the members of the new community, and eager to see his people better fitted for the reforms which he was minded to grant them, refused to forbid prayers and good works. And the "Paschkovite Sect" increased and multiplied.

The bomb which put an end to the career of the well-intentioned Emperor killed the germs of many a salutary enterprise which might have thriven and borne good fruits. Among the advisers of the new Czar, Alexander III., were some who, holding that the principle of autocracy was indissolubly bound up with the institutions of the Church, urged upon the monarch the necessity of staying the progress of the new "sect." Private interpretations applied to the Gospel were therefore declared to be inconsistent with orthodoxy and prejudicial to the State,

whereupon the so-called "Stundists"—Evangelical Christians, differing scarcely at all from the people converted by Colonel Paschkoff—were arrested, tried, convicted and deported to distant and unhealthy parts of the empire; and soon afterwards Mr. Paschkoff himself was called upon to abandon his apostolic work.

This he absolutely refused to do, for had not his Master said: "Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven."

For some time after this he was left in peace, but a sharp eye was kept on all his movements, which were gradually hampered. Priests, too, were sent to argue him back to the fold of the Church, but some of them came away convinced that he was on the right path. Though he could repeat most of the New Testament by heart, he laid little stress on polemics. Indeed, he never confounded controversy with religion, nor did he chill the heart by exercising the head.

Revelation to him was very much more than the conclusion of a syllogism. Conversion by argument is very often no conversion at all. The true religious apostle communicates his faith, his enthusiasm, his charity as fire kindles fire. For religion is catching, although it is only the truly religious man who is a flame. To the supernatural world there is no access by mere reasoning, one can perceive only with the inner sense, if at all, the fine threads which link the petty humdrum life of men with the calm sphere of the eternal. Hence Colonel Paschkoff never took his inspiration from outside; his words flowed from an outwelling reservoir within, and went from heart to heart, drawing people towards him in some subtle way, virtue, as it were, going out of him.

And herein lies the difference between him and Leo Tolstoy, whose re-

ligion is cold, argumentative, rationalistic, appealing solely to the intellect while leaving the heart untouched. Filled with that love of his fellows which springs from the spirit of Christ, Colonel Paschkoff had comfort for every sorrow, balm for every wound, and widespread arms for every aching breast.

The spiritual life upon which he exhorted his hearers to enter was well-attuned to men of all dispositions, to Christians of all theological schools. Hence members of various churches came, heard, and were fired to action by his words. The simplicity of his exhortations and the impressiveness of his manner enabled him to deliver sermons the most effective—in the highest sense of the word—that I have ever heard. Even those who, like myself, were unable to accept the historical propositions which his teaching of necessity implied, went away the better and happier for having heard it; and I have no hesitation in saying that if the admirable fruits of a set of religious tenets could be admitted as a proof of the accuracy of the narrative underlying them, Mr. Paschkoff would have presented the most telling argument in favor of his interpretation of Christianity that has been offered for many centuries.

The detachment of his thoughts from worldly things, in the midst of which he continued to live, was as complete as that of an anchorite or a Trappist. His mind was continuously fixed on the supernatural world with a degree of absorption so entire that his power of passing naturally to tender yet tactful care of the wants of others appeared little short of miraculous. A healthy optimism marked his views of life; indulgence born of charity shaped his judgment of the acts of men—even of the very few who requited his good with evil; and, living in a sphere illumined by vast breadths of calm light,

he never allowed his zeal to degenerate into fanaticism or intolerance.

The Procurator of the Most Holy Synod, M. Pobedonostseff, who carried out the various decrees issued against Mr. Paschkoff, held the "Sectarian" in high esteem, and professed a deep respect for his conscientious firmness, which he himself was putting to the severest tests. One by one the institutions founded by Colonel Paschkoff were closed. At first the biblical texts which hung from the walls of the tea-rooms were removed, then the rooms were closed; many of the religious publications, once sanctioned, were forbidden; public revival meetings were prohibited, and at last many of the brethren forfeited their liberty in order to keep their faith.

While the storm clouds were thus gathering over his head, Mr. Paschkoff paid one of his frequent visits to England, a country he never ceased to love. During his stay here, a rumor circulated that he had been banished from Russia, and that his property had been confiscated by the Government. Both statements were untrue. One morning, however, the post brought the Colonel a letter from an English lady, whom he had never seen, but who was well acquainted with the nature and progress of his lifework, and was desirous of enabling him to continue to carry it on. She stated that she possessed a considerable fortune, and would be grateful for the privilege of being allowed to present him with a large part of it.

The Czar Alexander III. looked askant upon every religious movement which had not its source in the Orthodox Church. The "Paschkovite Sect" provoked his displeasure in an especial manner for he believed that it tended to foster a spirit of criticism which, if allowed to develop, would be applied to political matters as ruthlessly as to ecclesiastical. His feeling was inten-

sified when, on the death of a celebrated Russian magnate, the widow, an ardent apostle of the new "Sect," neglected to have the traditional Church services chanted for the repose of his soul. The Emperor made no secret of his displeasure. The explanation given—that the service was omitted at the request of the dying nobleman—was considered insufficient, and severe measures were put in force against the evangelical Christians.

Colonel Paschkoff himself was called upon to choose between residence in Russia on condition that he would never again preach the gospel of Christ and going into life-long exile. His choice was made unhesitatingly. M. Pobedonostseff, who had a long conversation with him on the subject and who personally treated Mr. Paschkoff, his official adversary, with the utmost consideration, gave him the kiss of peace, and the "Sectarian" left forever the country he so tenderly loved.¹ Since then he had been living in England, Austria, Paris and Rome zealously carrying on the work of his life, but the community which he founded at home, far from dispersing at the blast of the danger-trumpet, has, I am assured, not only held its own, but considerably gained ground.

From the first day of his conversion, when he attuned himself to the new order of things, down to the moment of his death in Paris (February 8, 1902), no false note ever jarred upon the harmony of a career in all respects congruous with a firm religious faith. Cheerfulness was one of the most striking characteristics of the man, one of the chief tests of the power of his belief to buoy him up through a life chequered by difficulties and disappointments. He was wholly free from the sadness which one is wont to asso-

¹ He returned since then on two occasions, but only for a few days, during the serious illness of members of his family.

ciate with a high level of Christian perfection, from the shadows cast by the evil which men of his vocation combat. Even that homesickness for a better world, which imparts a touch of melancholy to those whose sole desire is to be released from this, left no trace upon Mr. Paschkoff.

I have heard eminent preachers of various churches in many lands, but none among them all possessed the same degree of strength—a strength which never turned to bitterness—combined with the marvellous tact and fas-

cinating sweetness that characterized Colonel Paschkoff. Fascinating is in truth the only word which I may use to convey the mysterious nature of the power he wielded over all who came under his spell. His example was powerful for good even with those who on historical grounds could not accept his doctrine, and the secret of his influence lay, I take it, in the inlet which his life afforded into the true spirit of Christ's Christianity. His striving was with loving, his living was in deed.

E. J. Dillon.

The Sunday Magazine.

THE WAY WITH WEEDS.

If you leave matters to your gardener, weeds can be treated with silent contempt. Their hour will arrive when he has taken off his coat, tightened his belt and started to dig. He will not stop digging until he has converted all the flower-beds into neat brown puddings of various shapes. "Weeds?" he says in reply to inquiries, "yes, there was a tidy few. But there ain't none now." And he is approximately correct. Between his upheaving spade and horny, crablike fingers it is a poor weed that has escaped; and even then the odds are that it is buried eight inches deep and root upwards. It will be a poorer weed still when the earthworm has done with it.

But the radical revolution which the gardener effects at fixed periods has its drawbacks. With the weeds have gone all kinds of interesting seedlings and offshoots which you had purposed to cherish; for the gardener's spade has no bowels. Those, therefore, who would like to ascertain by experience what a rank jungle they can have next year, by carefully fostering this year's seedlings, may dispense with the gar-

dener's spade and set about "doing up" the flower beds themselves with a trowel.

Chickweed, for instance, provides a liberal education by itself. Not unpleasing to look upon, as a tangled green mat among your perennial Alpine creeping plants, this innocent-looking weed invites early attention. You pluck a strand or two and they come away readily in the hand. "Birds like chickweed"; so you place them on one side for your bulfinch. In doing so you notice that there are no roots attached. This must be seen to; and you proceed to investigate matters from the point where the strands broke off short. You find the plant obligingly simple in construction. About forty thin stalks, each branching in many directions, radiate from a common centre. They are so tangled up with everything around that you are rather proud of your generalship when you have them all, except two or three, firmly grasped in your hand. A slight pull—it does not require a strong one to break the thin stem of the chickweed—and the whole thing comes off short in your hand leaving

the roots in the ground. From these you know that a new plant will spring in less than no time, so you search carefully for the broken stem. The part left is about a quarter of an inch long, as slippery as an eel and as thin as soda-water wire, and holds to the soil like grim death. It "gives" at last and brings up several small clods of earth with it. You shake these off and place the root triumphantly in the basket.

A flourishing dock plant catches your eye. Four times a day you have passed that flower-bed and you have always had an uneasy idea that something was wrong with your prim battalion of mignonette. There was a dash of rankness about it and a slight discord in the shades of green. Somehow you were always too busy to investigate, but now, when the rain has flung the straggling mignonette, heavy with moisture, to the ground, there is no disguising the fact that the clump has been 30 per cent. dock all the while. Indignation at having been imposed upon lends vice to the grip with which you seize the dock, and a sudden upward jerk leaves you with enough leaves in your hand to feed a rabbit; but the root of the dock is still in the ground. It is the peculiarity of this plant to anchor itself to the Antipodes; though with perseverance you can excavate a good deal of its root in three-inch lengths. The mignonette looked dragged before you commenced your fray with the dock; by the time you have finished it is only fit for the rubbish heap, and—up it comes, too. With a sigh of relief you notice that, although weeds may cling to their ill-gotten territory with all the tenacity of Frenchmen, mignonette, like other garden flowers, yields gently at the first time of asking. This is a beneficent arrangement of Nature to teach man caution and self-restraint in weeding. For man is naturally lazy; and if things were arranged contrariwise he

would cheaply discriminate between weeds and seedlings by giving them a tug all round. Now he has to be careful. If he touches a flower-plant, it comes out of the ground at once; if he passes over a weed, thinking it may be a flower, it strikes roots through several geological strata and spreads abroad like the rumor of a dog-fight.

Quietly aggravating weeds, in the matter of pretending to be flower-plants and refusing to "come up" if the fraud is detected, are the various spurges. The emerald hue of their neatly rounded leaves suggests engaging potentialities of blossom, and it is not until they have shed most of their seed that you realize the deception which has been practised upon you by their subterfuge of bright green flowering bracts instead of flowers. Then you pluck at them, and each breaks off short and leaves a drop of milk-white fluid upon your index finger. This fluid will, says rustic legend, cure warts if you have them or give you warts if you have them not. As you have no burning desire for warts you pause from your labors once more to wipe your fingers. In doing so you leave upon the handkerchief a good deal of garden earth which you may transfer later to your forehead and the side of your nose when you mop your heated brow.

But a man who weeds his own garden must not be afraid of a little earth upon the side of his nose. It is the badge of honest toil; and so is a thorn in his finger. You never realize the true meaning of the recurved thorns on a rose-bush until you have done a little weeding. Botanists, by the way, join issue with the poets and the public generally by asserting that no roses have thorns, but only "prickles," which are "modified setaceous processes of the epidermis." It is good moral training, when you have a few buried in the epidermis of the back of your hand, to try and remember this. And you can

get them into the back of your hand without any trouble whatever. All you have to do is to endeavor resolutely to clear away the bindweed from a rose-bush, and Nature does the rest. In the first place the bindweed has so cork-screwed itself in and out of the main stems of the rose-tree that you are tempted to insinuate your hand into narrow places when there is barely room for it. Then you grab several strands of the bindweed and pull gently and cautiously. The bindweed "gives" just enough to suggest that you can pull it clean away, and you put a little more force into the tug. Then something happens. It may be that the soft white root of the bindweed has parted several inches underground, or that one or more of the twisted strands at one side have loosened their hold. The result is the same. Your even-handed pull is suddenly converted into a sideways jerk, and a number of the modified setaceous processes of the epidermis of the rose-tree are buried to the hilt in the back of your hand. Each leaves an angry blood-black spot which aches, suggesting that the points may have broken off inside, with blood poisoning to follow. One is almost inclined, after a few of such experiences, to finish the work and the rose-bush with a niblick. But the bindweed would laugh at niblicks. Nothing less than the gardener's spade will reach the vital principle in its roots, and then most of the foundations of the rose-bush come up with it. You can, however, discourage the bindweed a good deal by tracing its convolutions downwards to the point where it leaves the ground and with a careful, perpendicular pull you may unearth many inches of white worm-like stalk. If you leave these lying about, they will take root afresh in the ground, and if you decide to clear them away you will find that the twining green stems which grow out of them had straggled off in the

direction of all the neighboring parishes and taken a twist round many chrysanthemums and geraniums *en route*. It will be quite an assortment of things that goes with the bindweed to the rubbish heap; for its cork-screw folds are just loose enough to yield when you pull and yet just tight enough to lasso the best of the leaves and flowers.

There are two kinds of bindweed, the large and the small. If either did not exist, you would say that the other was the greatest possible nuisance in a flower-bed.

The dandelion should, in spite of the botanists, be classed with the dock. Like that hardened sinner, it has roots which go down to the source of all evil, and leaves which flourish exceedingly among your violets. Presently, it betrays its presence by a gaudy yellow flower, that catches your eye one day as you hurry away to catch a train and causes you to make a mental memorandum that you will have it out of that to-morrow. When you come back, the flower has shut up, and you are not reminded of the hateful presence. To-morrow you forget and it seems only the next day or so when the dandelion fluff is wandering with the wind all over the place. This decides you to immediate action, and, grasping the offender by its coronal of spreading greenery you tug at him and he leaves in your hand what looks like an assortment of greengrocer's lettuces, but no roots. These have to be searched out with as much circumspection and care as the roots of dock or Sanskrit.

In the case of weeds, where all must be placed upon your *index expurgatorius*, it may seem waste of time to dilate upon individually objectionable characters; but no reference to the subject could be so cursory, and no experience of miscellaneous gardening so brief as not to include the nettle. This, indeed, is the only weed which compels

the most inobservant to master some of the rudiments of botany. The fool who puts his hand on a thistle deserves to be pricked, as surely as he who sticks his finger in the parrot's cage must expect to be bitten. There is as little disguise about the thistle as the bird. The weed's spines shout at you. So does the parrot. But the solitary nettle, the innocent-looking pioneer of a pestilent colony, might be a flourishing *Salvia* or *Canterbury bell*, and may lead any one into painful mistakes. It is, therefore, part of your duty towards your family to clear your mixed borders of nettles. And not every one who is familiar with the three-foot rankness of the clustered common nettle is also aware that there is a nasty little insect of a nettle, which may be only a few inches high, that stings just as badly. You find this out when, with that easy jerk of the wrist which brings up all the little weeds one after the other, you are just going to add your first specimen of *Urtica urens* to the weed-heap. It is too late to let go them, for it has already stung you; but you will look out for it in the future and not weed so fast. (It may not be out of place here to refer to a characteristically mean action of this weed in connection with myself. My readers may have wondered what an illustration of a nettle was doing in a previous article, which dealt with the flowers of winter. That illustration has been supplied to the Editor as evidence that pictures of weeds were not worth reproduction; but of course the weed smuggled itself among the winter flowers and appeared as such. A better instance of the low cunning of these

Good Words.

despicable vegetables could hardly be quoted.)

Compared with those mentioned, the rest of the weed family may be summarily dealt with. The Shepherd's Purse comes up in multitudes everywhere, looking like seedlings, and when in doubt you leave it for a day or two it seizes the interval to flower and fructify and scatter its seeds. Perhaps that is why its seed pods are called Shepherd's Purses; when you come to them they are always empty. Besides these, there are various kinds of small things like dandelions in miniature with varying degrees of adhesiveness to the soil, and others which would be starworts if they had any flowers; others again which pretend to be mignonette, and straggling little speedwells and pimpernels whose tiny blue or scarlet blossom might look handsome under a magnifying glass. There are also some thistles which break off short, goosefoot which brings up the flower-bed with it, and cleavers which pulls up all the flowers round it. Lastly, there is grass of many kinds; sometimes a single threadlike stalk which finds its way upwards to preposterous altitudes among the fuchsias, and waves its feathery head aloft; sometimes a dense tuft of matted fodder which comes up with a bang, after a hard pull, and leaves a large hole in the flower-bed. Sometimes there is grass so brittle that it comes away at every joint except the root, and sometimes so tough that it cuts the fingers. By the time you have cleared a long flower-bed of grass alone, you have richly earned a backache.

E. Kay Robinson.

PERIPETEIA.

AN EPODE.

"Sing, soaring voices, to a joyous tune,
Mourning is done and pain;
Peal, solemn organ music, deep sublime,
For 'tis a joyous time!
Shine forth serene, unclouded sun of June,
To gild the dawning Reign;
Hushed is the Shriek of War, 'tis Peace, 'tis Peace,
Blest calm endure, increase;
To-day rejoicing Britain grieves no more!
Resound, oh, reverend aisles, as oft before;
Kneel, ermined nobles, kneel, fair jewelled train,
As in our storied England—past away,
'Tis a triumphant day."

Such was our song. Ah! 'twas but yesterday
The Princely guests, the Imperial Envoys, came.
With festal light the vistas seemed to flame,
And all the rosy, fluttering ways were loud
With the admiring crowd.
From morn to eve millions of loyal feet
Paced the gay flower-hung street
In endless innocent processions mild.
The lowly father bore the wondering child,
Gray head and gold, youth, maiden, girl, and boy
Came filled with humble joy.
Again blue skies and the unclouded sun.
Our cares, our toils seemed done—
When sudden, on the innumerable throng,
Hushing the hum of mirth, the bursts of song,
There broke a bitter cry of mortal pain,
Leaving those futile splendors pale and dead,
While that sore-tried and unanointed head
Uncrowned must yet remain.
Oh, unsubstantial pomps! Oh, pageants vain!
Oh, seeming wasted labors swept away!
'Twas *no* triumphant day!

Thy power is over all, Mysterious Lord,
Thine the dread ruling Sword,
Ours to obey whatever Thy command.
Oh, stay Thy chastening hand,
Restore Thy servant to his people's prayer,
Beside his bed of pain, oh, be Thou there.
And still with grace and mercy, bending down,
King, Queen, and people crown!

THE £4,000 BIBLE—AND OTHERS.

Four thousand pounds for a Bible! Such was the figure paid not so long ago in a London auction room. People talk of Cremona violin collecting as a craze, but the highest price hitherto paid for a Cremona is only a modest £2,000. And after all there is some practical advantage to be gained from the possession of an old violin. A violin improves with age, and a specimen from the hands of Stradivarius will give out a music that no modern instrument can match. But Bibles? Well, Bibles are printed and sold that they may be read; and to the uninitiated it would seem that there can be no inherent or appreciable distinction between a Bible priced at four shillings and one priced at four thousand. But the bibliomaniac knows better. He does not, like Browning's poet, "glance o'er books on stalls with half an eye." He employs both his eyes, and the whole of them too. He knows that rare books are not bought to be read—not primarily at least; they are bought for the pleasure of "collecting" them. Moreover, the bibliomaniac generally buys in a particular line. He is like the man who has been described as purchasing "as many little Elzevirs as he can lay his hands upon," for the sake of collecting them into a library, "where other books are scarce enough." So there is the Bible collector, and his prize is the great edition of the Scriptures for which the enthusiast paid the £4,000, the highest sum ever given for a Bible.

The precious volume which thus engages the interest of the bibliomaniac has come to be known as the Mazarin Bible since the discovery of a copy in the library of Cardinal Mazarin. It ought more properly to be

called the Gutenberg Bible, coming as it does from the press of the benefactor who discovered the art of printing from movable metal types. The Mazarin Bible is, in fact, the first book so printed, the slow and expensive process of using engraved blocks being the only resource of the printer prior to its appearance. It is said that Gutenberg issued it to the clergy as a genuine manuscript, and that his townsmen believed him to be in league with the devil. There is no date on the book, and the precise year in which it was printed cannot be fixed; it is generally supposed to have been issued before 1456. It is a folio of 641 leaves, and is printed in black-letter in double columns, without title-page or pagination.

For strength and beauty of the paper (which bears four water-marks throughout), lustre of the ink, and exact uniformity of impression, it has never, says an authority, been equalled by any other work. It "seems marvellous, in looking at the pages of those splendid volumes, that the inventor of printing should, by a single effort, have exhibited the perfection of his art." That he chose the Scriptures for the introduction of that art is a point worth noting. As Hallam, the historian, has put it, we may see in imagination the venerable and splendid volume leading up to the crowded myriads of its followers, and imploring, as it were, a blessing on the new art by "dedicating its first-fruits to the service of heaven." No wonder that an enthusiastic "cataloguer" described it once as the most important and distinguished article in the whole annals of typography, "a treasure which would exalt the humblest, and stamp with a due character

of dignity the proudest collection in the world."

Unfortunately, nowadays it is only the owners of the proudest collections who can afford to indulge even the hope of such a possession. A hundred years ago one might have bought a Mazarin Bible for the modern price of a first edition of "The Vicar of Wakefield," but that time has gone for ever. Mr. Perkins, of Hanworth Park, had two copies, one in vellum, the other on paper. He bought the vellum copy in 1825 for £504, and the paper copy for £199 10s. His library was sold in 1873; the vellum copy then brought £3,400, and the paper copy £2,690. The purchaser of the former was the Earl of Ashburnham, and when his library was sold in 1897 the treasure produced £4,000. This is a splendid instance of rising value, especially when the fact is recalled that ten years before Mr. Perkins made his purchase—that is to say, in 1825—a perfect copy on vellum realized only £175. The Earl of Hope-toun was the fortunate possessor of a Mazarin, though he did not know it until the sale catalogue of his library came to be made up. Mr. Quaritch, the Piccadilly book magnate, bought this copy for £2,000. At Sir John Thorold's sale in 1884 Mr. Quaritch was also the lucky bidder for a copy which appeared there. This time he began at £1,000, and after a spirited contest the volume was knocked down to him at £3,850. Doubtless when a "Mazarin" next comes into the market, it will realize a sum considerably in advance of any figure yet associated with the book.

Many early editions of the Bible are sought after by the collector, with the natural result that they produce a long price when a copy turns up. Thus a copy of the first printed Latin Bible (1462) was knocked down at the Ashburnham sale for £1,500 while Myles Coverdale's English Bible of 1535 ran up to £820. In a good many cases the

bibliomaniac hunts his quarry merely because of some peculiarity of translation. There is, for example, the well-known "Bugge" Bible, which is unsuspectingly connected with a popular misconception. This edition takes its name from a somewhat curious rendering of Psalm xci. 5: "So that thou shalt not need to be afraid of any bugges by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day." The sentence in the prologue reads as follows: "He that hath the spirit of Christ is now no more a child; he neither learneth or maketh now any longer for pain of the rod, or for fear of bogges, or pleasure of apples." There used to be a great deal of discussion about the precise meaning of the word "bugge" as so applied; for of course the signification is quite different from that now attached to it. But the word means simply evil spirit; it is from the same root that we have the word "bugaboo," and the modern "bogie" dreaded of the children. The "Bugge" Bible is sought for not alone on account of the peculiarity which has brought it its name: the prologues, by Tyndale, gave such offence to the clergy that they caused the edition to be entirely suppressed. This of course means that the work is excessively rare; and for a book to be rare is enough to set all the bibliomaniacs on its track. The edition always produces a good price in the market. One collector's copy sold for £60, and an imperfect specimen brought £45 some years ago in a London auction room.

The so-called "Breeches" Bible of 1560 is not so valuable. It owes its name and distinction to the rendering of Genesis iii. 7: "Then the eyes of them both were opened and they knew that they were naked. And they sewed fig-tree leaves together, and made themselves breeches." The "Rosin" and the "Treacle" Bibles both take their name from translations of the well-known question of Jeremiah now

rendered "Is there no balm in Gilead?" In the one case, for the word "balm" we have "rosin," and in the other case "treacle." The word thus rendered by three different English words often occurs in the Bible; and it is curious to note that, although the Authorized Version has "balm" in the text, it gives "rosin" in the margin as an alternative reading. King James's translators were evidently doubtful as to which word exactly represented the original. With these two editions may be classed the "Vinegar" Bible of 1717. In this case, the name comes from the headline of St. Luke, chapter xx., the word "vinegar" being printed in mistake for "vineyard," thus: "The parable of the vinegar."

About the year 1630 several small Bibles were printed by Robert Barker, the most notable of which was the octavo of 1631. This is known as the "Wicked" Bible, from the omission of the "not" from the Seventh Commandment. The error must have been discovered before the printing of the edition was finished, for in several extant copies the negative is in its place. Nevertheless, the hapless printer was cast in a fine of £300 by Archbishop Laud, the money, we are told, being expended in "a fount of fair Greek type," which was to render almost impossible such enormities as the above. Only four copies of the "Wicked" Bible are known to exist; but curiously enough the same blunder has lately been detected in a German edition. Some collectors run after the "Whig" Bible, so called because the ninth verse of Matthew v. is made to read: "Blessed are the place-makers for they shall be called the children of God." This rare volume, seldom found in a perfect condition, was sent into the world by a Genevan printer in 1562. In 1613 Barker, the London printer, made two issues of the Bible, which are generally distinguished as the "Great He" and the

"Great She" Bibles, from the blunder which substituted "he" for "she" in the last clause of Ruth iii. 15. Copies of either edition usually fetch a good price. Not many years ago an imperfect copy of the "she" issue brought ten guineas at Puttick's sale-room. The "Wife-beater's" Bible—fortunately, perhaps—is seldom noticed. In this edition the husband is exhorted to "endeavor to beat the fear of God into her"—a method certainly calculated to inspire the fear of man!

Published in London in 1572, the "Pagan" Bible is a real curiosity, containing as it does at St. John, 1st Epistle, chapter i., a woodcut of Mount Olympus and the Gods—Leda and Swan, Daphne and Apollo. This extraordinary Bible also contains other scenes from the "Metamorphoses." It is perfectly inconceivable, says a writer, "how such utterly inappropriate illustrations should have been allowed a place in an edition of the Bible." It is well known, however, that two or three centuries ago the difficulties of reproducing pictures of any kind in books were so great that one block was made to do duty not only in several works of wholly diverse kind, but was even used over and over again in the same book. The first Bible printed in Scotland is another of the rarities sought after by the collector. It was from the press of Thomas Bassandyne, and bears the date 1576. The only perfect copy known is in the possession of the Earl of Morton. Average specimens, if in good condition, usually fetch something like £20. Of merely curious Bibles there are a large number. Thus there is the "Persecuting Printer's" Bible, in which the Psalmist is made to say: "Printers have persecuted me without a cause." The "Ear to Ear" Bible was printed at Oxford in 1810, and takes its name from the rendering of Matthew xiii. 43: "Who hath ears to ear, let him ear." No fewer

than three editions, the latest being of 1823, transform the word "fishers" in Ezekiel xlvii. 10, into "fishes," so that the phrase reads: "fishes shall stand upon it." These editions are accordingly known as the "Standing-fishes" Bible. The "To Remain" Bible obtained its name from a very curious circumstance. In this edition, Galatians iv. 29 reads: "Persecuted him that was born after the Spirit to remain, even so

it is now." While the work of this edition was in preparation the proof-reader was somewhat puzzled about the question of whether a comma should be inserted after the word Spirit, and accordingly asked his superior. When the superior returned the proof-sheet it had the words "To remain" pencilled on the margin, and the printer inserted the two words into the body of the text!

The Gentleman's Magazine.

J. Cuthbert Hadden.

THE LOST CORONATION.

It will hardly be an intrusion, if we venture to say that the best alleviative of the King's mental and bodily suffering must be the thought, the certain knowledge, that his illness has enhanced the loyalty of the nation to himself and to the Crown. The suffering man on his sick bed draws us more closely than the crowned King on his throne. It is this that gives the touch of perfect reality to pageantry and splendor which would not by any means have been a lie, had personal feeling not come into the matter at all. Recognition of the King as supreme, ideal tributes to monarchy, have an actual and a perfectly legitimate place even when the person of the Sovereign has no attracting power and no immediate influence. It is only a person ignorant of history and of human nature that will question this: and many who might question it are all the while illustrating the truth of the proposition. For it is as difficult for most men and almost all women to believe that they are pursuing an idea as to realize that they cannot be devoted to a person with whom they have nothing personally to do. And yet naturally when there can be real personal feeling added to the feeling of kingship, loy-

alty becomes a living force in a quick sense usually unknown. It is not mere poetic conceit that nature's touch makes kinship with a king. There must be extremely few, if there is one, who can not enter into our King's distress of mind at feeling himself the unwilling helpless cause of a great national disappointment. One knows how in such circumstances—the most painful of all—one cannot help feeling that somehow or another he is to blame for all the trouble he is occasioning and that, whether he is or not, others will think he is to blame. And then the helplessness to prevent it! All this involves a mental worry and resistance that necessarily prevents the calm so urgently desirable for physical recovery. We cannot believe that with any but children sympathy with the King will not be the strongest feeling stirred by the loss of the Coronation festivities. If there are any such, if there are any who are thinking only of their own balked pleasure-making, then for them that exactly has happened which should have happened. They will furnish one, we should suppose the only possible case, for not regretting the failure of the Coronation.

We have to be thankful that we are

lamenting a lost Coronation and not a lost King. After all we must remember that, apart from the King's personal affliction and the sorrow which as such it must bring upon the nation, this is no national disaster. It has in it no element of humiliation, it does not involve a set-back to imperial progress. To the vast majority of us personally it means nothing but the loss of a splendid pageant and the enjoyment of a holiday. It ill becomes us to lament it unreasonably, when the King, who has to bear the full force of the blow, is able to face it with courage, hereditary courage, and to think of others before himself, and in particular of those to whom a little pleasure is a great because a very infrequent thing. It is true, of course, that the failure of the festivities means actual business loss to large numbers, and no one will wish to minimize the hardness of their case. But it is more the loss of prospective profit than damages actually incurred that men have had to face. For those who have taken seats the actual money wasted is large only in the case of very rich people: for the dealers in seats, the syndicates and speculators, we have but little sympathy. Where they took a risk they had the option of insuring against it: nor is there any special ground for commiserating the underwriters who have had to pay. It was all in the course of business: the speculation turned out adversely: it was merely the fortune of war. On the whole, it is just a great disappointment, and must be taken as such; and as such on the whole it has been taken. There has been a general recognition that this is no national holiday: the closing of the banks was, as it turned out, an unfortunate accident which, it appears, could not be rectified. One could have wished, perhaps, that the decorations had been taken down and the flags drawn in as soon as it was known that

the festivities could not take place. In fact we are rather surprised that so few in London did this. Perhaps, however, that would have given too gloomy a turn to things, almost suggesting general mourning. As it was, the flags and the brilliant weather, but no procession, did very aptly figure the actual fact, that there has been a great disappointment but nothing worse. It is a pity that so many of the newspapers, in their anxiety to make a display of their excessive grief, should have ridiculously, not exaggerated, but misrepresented the effect on the crowds in London of the first news of the postponement on Tuesday. A mighty silence is said to have fallen on the people; then consternation, dismay; tearing of hair; in fact every exhibition which might have been possible, though in England we trust not likely, had the bulletin informed the crowd that the Channel Fleet had been annihilated and that a great hostile army was rapidly marching on London. This illustrates the tendency of the journalist to overreach himself; for all this sudden gloom and consternation, which is meant to give an idea of the depth of the people's feeling for their Sovereign, could not have been due to any such cause. The first announcement did not show that the King was in any critical condition, and all this outburst of grief would simply have been disappointment at a lost show. That is not fair to the people: who in London at any rate took the matter in quite a different way. If there was anything remarkable in the reception of the news, it was that it seemed to produce so little outward effect. Everybody went on decorating as before, everybody looked at the decorations as before; the crowd of sightseers neither diminished nor altered their demeanor, with which there was no fault to find. The cynic, of course, would read this as a determination to have their pleas-

ure, no matter what had happened. That may have been true of some; but the real explanation undoubtedly was that the crowds did not believe anything was meant beyond possibly a brief postponement of the festivities; they clearly did not realize the danger to the King. Some who did know what the operation meant, learning that the crisis had been survived, thought that recovery might be very rapid. It took the people a very long while to realize that the Coronation really was lost, and that the King's condition put a public holiday out of the question. That it was so is not very strange; and, with all allowance for sudden drafts on platitudes at such a time as this, it is not to the credit of the London daily press that it should have made this display of sentiment by means of a misrepresentation of fact.

There is, of course, in all sobriety an aspect of the disappointment which will bear the description of an irreparable national loss. We are not thinking of old wives' stories about the crowning of the King; a postponed Coronation loses none of its efficacy. But history does not repeat itself; things never happen exactly in the same way again. When again will Peace after a successful war and a Coronation coincide? Then it is doubtful if so repre-

The Saturday Review.

sentative, so ideal a gathering of the British Empire can ever be repeated. The Indian contingent alone can hardly be so complete again. Very many personages imperially most significant will now return without having taken part in the great object-lesson, a lesson for life, for which they came over. These are among the things we can only regret. In all this national disturbance the people and the Church have not forgotten the Supreme Being: the services of intercession have been entirely in place and they have been well attended. It is beyond human ken to trace the finger of God in particular phenomena; but the nation is right in times like these to remind itself with emphasis that God is in all. These things pull us up sharp, as we go on confidently assuming that we are our own masters. Nature's touch in the convulsions of the West Indies reminded us not to be so certain that the kingdom of man over conquered nature is at hand. This disappointment, coming at the last moment when everything else had conspired to make the great British festival a success, may well remind us to be a little less insolent in our "Anglo-Saxon" success. Even the British Empire is not entirely its own master.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Gerald Massey has written so little of late years that his productive days might well have been thought to be over, the more so that he is now seventy-seven years old. But it appears that he is occupied upon a ponderous work treating of the Egyptian Wisdom and its bearings upon the world's thought.

Mr. Marion Crawford produces books so rapidly that it is not easy to realize that he is capable of such self-restraint as is implied in the statement that he has just destroyed two-thirds of a novel because he did not think it good. What if Hall Caine or Marie Corelli were to judge their works with similar conscientiousness?

Lovers of Ruskin will learn with some perturbation that the new definitive edition of his writings is to include some passages which the author chose to omit. The "Seven Lamps of Architecture" for example, will contain about eight thousand words which Ruskin excluded but which have been replaced from the original draft. Ruskin had such exquisite taste as to the form in which he cast his thoughts that it might have been well to allow his rejection of these passages to be decisive.

Slighter than its rivals of the "Penelope" series, many readers will find Kate Douglas Wiggin's new volume, "The Diary of a Goose-Girl," most attractive of all. With absolutely no admixture of information and only the slightest tincture of romance, it is pure fun and satire from beginning to end, doing for the poultry yard what Charles Dudley Warner did, a generation ago, for the garden. There are illustrations, in admirable keeping, on nearly every page. Claude A. Shepperson is the artist. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The author of "Robert Tournay" follows his romance of the French Revolution with a story of our own Civil War. The Virginia family which gives its name to the book, "The Claybornes," is divided, the father and younger son choosing the side of the South, the older son fighting for the Union. The latter is the hero of the story, and the wavering of his affection between his boyhood's fancy—now become one of Beauregard's spies—and the daughter of a general in the Northern army, forms the central thread of the narrative, along which cluster a series of such stirring incidents as many readers will enjoy. The historical action takes place about Vicksburg. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Studies in heredity are to the fore this season, and the inheritance with which Ripley D. Saunders endows his hero, "John Kenadie," is a blood-feud. The peculiar interest of the story lies in Kenadie's ignorance of the feud, which his widowed mother has been at pains to secure by removing from their home in Kentucky, and in the unconscious—and to himself inexplicable—aversion which he feels for its object, when malicious chance throws them together in a little Arkansas school-house. In maturer years the coquetry of a pretty neighbor fans the smouldering passion to flame, and only the wisdom and tact of the gentle old school-master avert a tragic outcome. The book is readable throughout, and contains passages of unusual feeling and delicacy. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"The Virginian" from whom Owen Wister's spirited novel takes its title is the same picturesque cow-puncher who has already fascinated so many readers as he has appeared in the magazines. The unrivalled story-teller of that remarkable yarn, "The Game and the Nation," could not be more vividly real, but he becomes even more attractive in this circumstantial account of his love-making. The little Vermonter who subdues him at the very height of his adventurous career is a descendant of "Molly Stark," and carries her inherited name piquantly. The uneven progress of the high-minded Virginian's wooing furnishes the thread of a narrative that not only has color and dash but deals with problems of law, order and social distinction in a broad and human way. The Macmillan Co.

Readers of *The Living Age* need no introduction to Mr. Leslie Stephen, who writes the volume on "George Eliot" for the Macmillans' series, *English Men of Letters*. They know him as one of the most accomplished of

contemporary critics and essayists; and they will expect to find in this new volume the acumen, the sense of proportion and the just and delicate appreciation which characterizes his "Hours in a Library" and the scores of critical and biographical essays contributed by him more recently to the English reviews. Nor will they be disappointed. The volume is of modest proportions, like its predecessors in this series; but within its barely two hundred pages there is compressed one of the most charming and informing accounts of George Eliot's personality and literary career which has been published, together with carefully considered analyses and estimates of each of her more important works.

An Enoch Arden of the Far West, returning to find his wife, not bound to another but as hopelessly separated from him by inherited wealth and by the ambitions it enables her to realize for their children, is the central figure in Mary Hallock Foote's new novel, "The Desert and the Sown." His son's charming romance serves to relieve the gloom of the plot, and the shifting of its scene first from a garrison post on the frontier to the snowbound wilderness at the north, then to the Oregon desert, and finally to the region of Dutch traditions about the Hudson, gives opportunity for noticeable bits of description. Mrs. Foote's work never lacks distinction, and she has put much laborious character study into this book, but her pen does not move with its wonted zest under the impulse of themes like these, and one misses the dash and verve of her earlier stories. It is the romance of generous youth, not the realism of sordid middle-age that shows her talent at its best. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

William Watson's "Ode on the Day of the Coronation of King Edward VII." (John Lane, publisher) is as noble and

virile a piece of verse as has seen the light this many a day. Loftily patriotic and finely imaginative, it gathers up the memories and glories of the past and makes them the occasion, not of idle vaunting but of serious reflection upon the responsibilities of the present. The bards surely are not all dead when the sources of England's greatness are traced in such lines as these:

"How many peoples crown thee, who
shall say?
Time, and the ocean, and some fostering
star,
In high cabal have made us what we
are,
Who stretch one hand to Huron's
bearded pines,
And one on Kashmir's snowy shoulder
lay,
And round the streaming of whose rai-
ment shines
The iris of the Australasian spray.
For waters have connived at our de-
signs,
And winds have plotted with us—and
behold,
Kingdom in kingdom, sway in over-
sway,
Dominion fold in fold."

The Ode closes with this solemn note of warning:

"Already is doom a-spinning, if un-
stirred
In leisure of ancient pathways she lose
touch
Of the hour, and overmuch
Recline upon achievement, and be slow
To take the world arriving, and forget
How perilous are the stature and port
that so
Invite the arrows, how unslumbering
all
The hates that watch and crawl.
Nor must she, like the others, yield up
yet
The generous dreams! but rather live
to be
Saluted in the hearts of men as she
Of high and singular election, set
Benignant on the mitigated sea;
That greatly loving freedom loved to
free,
And was herself the bridal and em-
brace
Of strength and conquering grace."

OPHELIA.

There runs a crisscross pattern of small
leaves
Espalier in a fading summer air,
And there Ophelia walks, an azure
flow'r,
Whom wind and snowflakes and the
sudden rain
Of love's wild skies have purified to
heav'n.
There is a beauty past all weeping
now
In that sweet crooked mouth, that va-
cant smile;
Only a lonely gray in those mad eyes
Which never on earth shall learn their
loneliness:
And when mid startled birds she sings
lament,
Mocking in hope the long voice of the
stream,
It seems her heart's lute hath a broken
string.
Ivy she hath that to old ruins clings;
And rosemary that sees remembrance
fade;
And pansies deeper than the gloom of
dreams,
But ah! if utterable, would this earth
Remain the base unreal thing it is?
Better be out of sight of peering eyes;
Out-out of hearing of all-useless words;
And, lest, at last, ev'n earth should
learn mad secrets,
Lest that sweet wolf from some dim
thicket steal,
Better the glassy horror of the stream!

W. J. de la Mare.

The Monthly Review.

MY GARDEN.

I have a little Garden set
With Lavender and Mignonette
And here my Dial stands to mark
The dawning of each Day from Dark—
And here, as Beatrice imaged fair,
The strong light shining on her Hair,
Closing her Eyes in Death's Repose,
While on her Hands the white Dove
throws
The longed for Poppy flowers of Sleep—
So I my Tryst with Death would keep

Beside my Garden's Dial stone
Like Dante's Beatrice—alone.

My Garden of sweet Dreams and Fan-
cies,
Tall Lilies and my Purple Pansies,
My Rosemary for remembering
The Love of many a bygone Spring:
Were it not best to pass away
In Evening hour of quiet Day
Alone beside my gentle Flowers,
Who comforted my lonely Hours
And blessed me, as such Beings bless,
With their exceeding loveliness?

Alone—in one swift Moment pass,
Leaving no Shadow on the Grass,
Where oft my earthly Form hath shed
A Shadow on each Garden Bed—
All unattended—voiceless Prayer
Uttered beside me—everywhere—
Into the flowerless, strange Unknown
Alone—still in God's Hands—alone.

Arabella Romilly.

The Rambler.

THE HILLS ARE CLEAR.

The hills are clear, the summits free,
The clouds and shadows fade and flee,
The misty bands are scattering,
From ridge and peak away they fling,
To find a rest beyond the sea;
All vanished now from you and me
The sadness and the sorrowing,

The hills are clear.

The sunlight gleams on rock and tree,
It glints upon the granite scree,
It glows on bracken, bent and ling,
And all the weary waters sing.
Oh Weary-heart, look up and see,

The hills are clear!

B. Orr.

Leisure Hour.

O WORLD, BE NOBLER.

O world, be nobler for her sake.
If she but knew thee what thou art,
What wrongs are borne, what deeds
are done,
In thee, beneath thy daily sun,
Knows't thou not that her tender
heart
For pain and very shame would break?
O world, be nobler for her sake.

Laurence Binyon.